POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

# FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MURDER IN GREAT CORAM STREET.

Vol. I.—No. 13.

# The GREAT CORAM ST. TRAGEDY.

"By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."
—SCOTT, "Marmion," Canto VI.

I HAVE always been susceptible to the arrival of unpleasant news or glad tidings through the medium of a postman's knock. I suppose the sound from the practised hand of one letter-carrier is very like another, but by some unaccountable means the "rat-tat" nine times out of ten conveys to my mind, if not exactly the contents of the letter, the nature of its subject. Sometimes it will startle and give unpleasant impressions, at others the sudden knock will fill the mind with anticipatory pleasure, which makes one feel disposed to rush to the door and clutch the letter from the postman's hand.

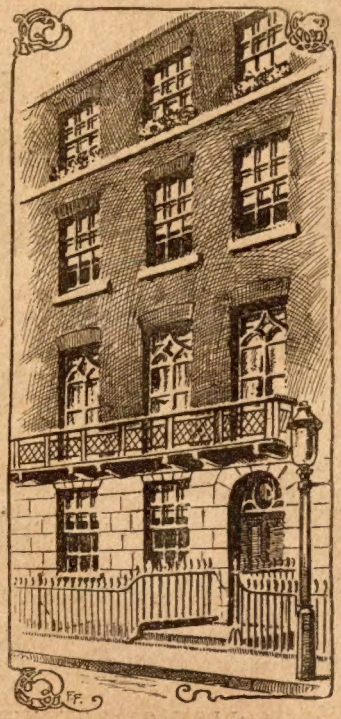
I suppose it is because of the state of mind one is in at the time and is but coincidence. Anyway, last Christmas Eve I was lounging in an easy-chair, after a substantial repast, blowing a cloud of smoke, and gazing vacantly through the blue wreaths as I mused upon the Christmases of long ago—of the happy childhood days of Yuletide, and of the sometimes sad and sometimes jolly days spent in town or country, at home or abroad. Suddenly came that unexpected "rat-tat." With an unusual start, I nearly allowed the pipe to drop from my mouth. I knew its contents before the letter was brought to me. It was no Christmas card, with facetious or loving verses; it was no invitation for turkey, roast beef, and plum pudding. I felt it intuitively as I broke open the envelope that the contents brought something not in the least in accordance with the season's festivities. I was right! The letter was from my chief, and contained but the following line: "Next subject for CRIMES—Great Coram Street Murder." And then a P.S. (and I fancied I could see his amiable face wreathed in smiles as he chuckled at his own little joke): "A Merry Christmas!"

It was easy enough to imagine why this particular subject had suggested itself to the fertile mind of my editor at the moment, for the ghastly tragedy took place on a Christmas morning, exactly thirty years ago. But little did he dream that I had, but a few minutes before the arrival of his instructions, been picturing that very subject in the mind's eye through my wreaths of smoke, for, curiously enough, I was acquainted with all the incidents surrounding that mysterious crime—with the exception of the most important, the identity of the perpetrator, for the murderer was never brought to justice.

But I am anticipating. It was, as I have said, the Christmas of 1872, and well do I remember it; as well as if it were that which has just passed. The weather was not at all seasonable, nothing in the way of the "good old-fashioned" winter, with snow-clad trees and railings in the squares and parks, and frozen water-pipes. It was exceedingly wet and rather mild weather, that had succeeded some terrific gales. In fact, a week or so before Christmas the wind was so boisterous in London that many lives were lost from falling slates and chimney-pots, whilst the destruction of property was enormous.

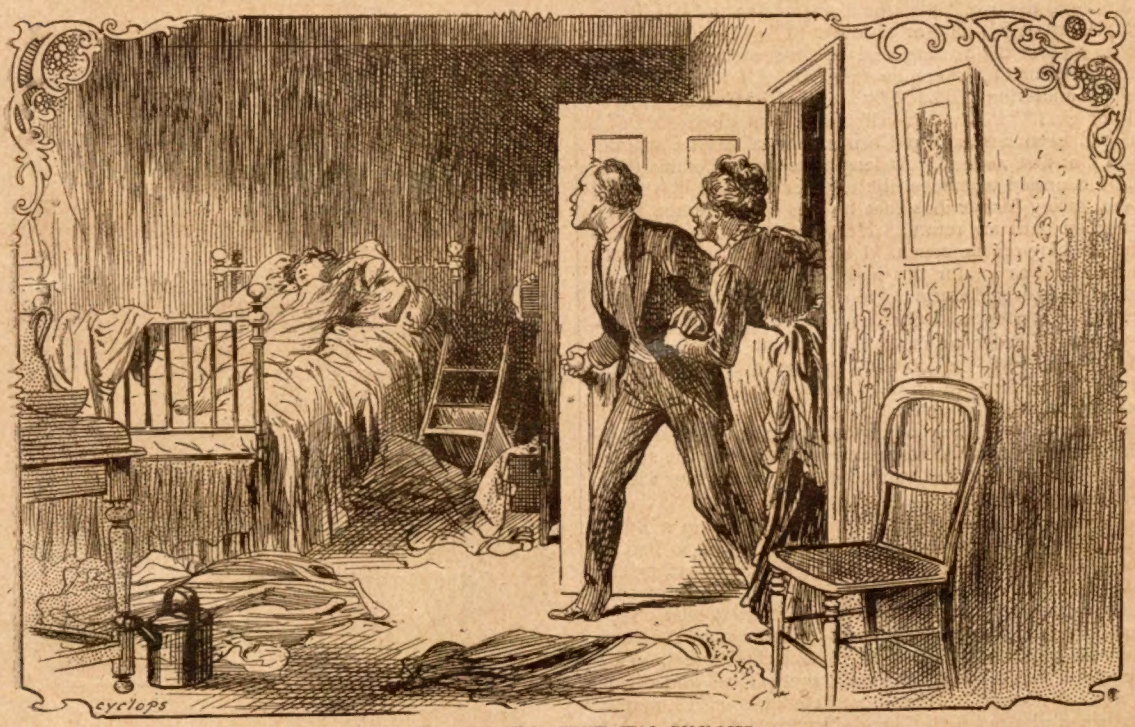
Such was the weather in the December of 1872, and most disagreeable I found it, for business kept me in London, and I know no more unpleasant quarters during holiday time than the metropolis when it blows and rains. I had accepted none of several invitations to dine out, for I had much work on hand, so had decided to have a quiet time at my diggings. It was certainly the most lonely and melancholy Christmas I have ever spent, and I retired early in no very cheerful mood. As a rule the Boxing morning issue of a daily paper is not particularly entertaining, unless something unusually startling has occurred; but at breakfast the day following to this Christmas, casually running through the summary of news, my eye caught a bold line:

"BRUTAL MURDER IN GREAT CORAM STREET.—On Christmas morning, or on the previous night, a mysterious murder was perpetrated at 12, Great Coram Street. The victim is a young woman known as Clara Burton, twenty-seven, who only three weeks prior to this took the apartments. She informed the landlady that she was engaged sometimes in the ballet at the theatres, and occasionally appeared at the music-halls. She, however, frequented the Alhambra, Argyle Rooms, and other places of entertainment. On Tuesday night (Christmas Eve), according to her usual custom, she left her apartments about ten o'clock, having borrowed a shilling from a fellow lodger named Martin. About midnight she came home accompanied by a foreign gentleman, supposed to be a German. She was unusually lively and brought home with her bags of apples, oranges, and nuts,



Where it happened.

which on entering the house she handed to the landlady, and retired to her room. Shortly afterwards she came downstairs and handed the landlady a half-sovereign, out of which she received one shilling for herself. She appeared to have been drinking, and, after again retiring, shortly came downstairs a second time and asked for some bottled stout. The taverns, however, being closed, and there being none in the house, she said 'good night,' and once more returned to her room. Nothing more was noticed until the next morning about half-past six, when a man was heard descending the stairs and proceeding along the passage. Instantly the front door was hurriedly opened and violently slammed. No special notice seems to have been taken of this, but about mid-day the son of the landlady went to call the deceased for her breakfast. There being no response, the landlady's suspicions were aroused, and, calling other lodgers, the door was broken open, and they entered the apartment. Then a ghastly sight was




THEN A GHASTLY SIGHT WAS DISCLOSED.

disclosed. Upon the bed lay the murdered woman, the pillows saturated with congealed blood. Her clothes were strewn all over the floor, otherwise there was no appearance of a struggle. The door had been locked from the outside, and the key was missing. There were no marks of blood on the door or walls, and the face was perfectly calm. On the forehead there was a distinct print of a thumb, and a little lower down was a mark of a hand, as if after the first wound had been inflicted the poor creature had been held down by the left hand while a second wound had been given. Most careful examination of the room and its surroundings failed to throw any light on the manner by which the deed had been committed. The wash-basin and a can full of water had not been touched, but on a second large can there was a mark of blood. In front of the wash-stand there were ten large drops of blood, and on the towel a mark as if a small pocket-knife had been wiped. This was the only clue to the weapon used. The supposition is, therefore, that the man wiped the knife before replacing it in his pocket. There were two empty match-boxes on the table, one of them used for wax, and on that there were two clots of blood. The blinds were down, and the windows fastened, and there were no marks of blood upon either, so it is assumed there was no knife thrown out of the window. As far as could be ascertained, the poor girl's name was Clara Burton, who had resided formerly for a period of three years at Manchester Street, Argyle Square. She left that address a few weeks before going to Great Coram Street, having lived in Regent Square for a brief period, paying 33s. per week."

The latter part of this somewhat gruesome account of the murder I read carefully a second time. The name seemed familiar to me. "Good God," I said to myself, "is it possible that it can be that bright-eyed, pretty little woman to whom I had been introduced a few months previously by some members of a very fast set with whom I was brought in pretty frequent contact about this period?" The name was very familiar, the Christian name certainly, although I was in doubt about the other. Still, Argyle Square where the girl had lived, convinced me that it must be one and the same. My curiosity was aroused, so hastily finishing my breakfast, I dressed, and left the house with a determination to satisfy myself upon the matter.

And now comes a little incident which I must relate, which at the time came so unexpectedly, and made such an indelible impression upon my mind, that I almost shudder when I think of it after all these years. On leaving my residence at Camden Town I had hailed the first cab I saw, and instructed the man to drive me to Argyle Square, King's Cross, for I knew by calling at a certain house there I could ascertain positively whether the murdered woman was, as I suspected, the same Clara known to our set. I was proceeding down College Street when I recognised the burly figure of a man whose identity there was no mistaking. It was an old friend of mine, an artist, who since those days has made a name for himself. Should I here describe his appearance, many of my readers would have no doubt as to whom I refer to, so let it suffice to say that in the '70's he was a very conspicuous figure in Bohemian circles, and a right jolly good and most entertaining fellow. I noticed as the

cab with myself inside overtook him that he was not walking that straight chalk line which is imperative under the new Licensing Act to save trouble. But this was Boxing morning thirty years ago, and we played our parts in life somewhat differently then. My friend, I could see with half an eye, had been dining out and making a night of it, so I pulled up my cab, jumped out, and, after the usual salutation, offered him a lift. I shall never forget the expression on his face. He was as pale as death, and there was a strange look about his eyes. Clutching me by the arm with his powerful grip, he bent down, and in a low, sepulchral tone said, "Yes, give me a lift—give me a lift. Drive me to the nearest police-station. I'm going to give myself up for the Great Coram Street murder!"

My feelings may be better imagined than described. Here was one of my dearest old friends confessing such a crime. I hardly knew how to act. Could he be joking? It was hardly a subject for that, and his face was so white and his manner so earnest that I scarcely knew what to think. However, I soon made up my mind. Getting my friend into the cab, I told the man to drive to his address, which was only a mile or so away. The instructions were given without his hearing, and we proceeded in the direction of Islington, where he resided. All the way along he was muttering, "Blood!" "Murder!" "Coram Street!" "Poor girl!" "Police-station!" and I soon discovered that he had been keeping up Christmas in a merrier manner than I at first noticed. At length we arrived at his door, and I managed to induce him to enter and saw him to his room, giving instructions that he was by no reason to be disturbed until my return. He seemed dazed, and I left him sleeping on the couch. I shall never forget the state of mind I was in, for this had been a terrible shock, so I more than ever determined to clear up, as far as possible, the whole mysterious matter, and drove to Argyle Square.

Now, in order to make my account of this strange affair clear, it will be necessary for me to draw an outline of our Bohemian life of thirty years ago. And when I look back, what a contrast I see in the life of young England. It was then a universal practice *jeter ses premiers feux*; now it too frequently happens that the sowing of the wild oats is reserved until later on in life, with a questionable advantage.

Anyway, in the earlier seventies we made up a Bohemian set that, if a bit go-ahead, was really not so bad as it was sometimes painted. There was literature, art, music, and the drama well represented, and our acquaintances were varied, including some of the prettiest women of the period, whose portraits were in great demand in the shop windows, and who, if some of them lacked talent, made themselves conspicuous with their pretty faces and divine figures. Belonging to our immediate inner circle were a few ladies who resided in Argyle Square, and to the house of two of them I made my way upon that eventful Boxing morning. I can see their pretty faces now; one was a well-educated lassie of twenty-three, from Aberdeen, with a lovely clear pink complexion and hair of a rich golden red. She had an elegantly-furnished house, for her "friend" was a partner in one of our oldest and largest London publishing-houses, and stinted her in nothing. Her companion, who had a suite of apartments in the same house, was a typical Irish girl, of good family, and who had a history. Twenty-three years of age, with a plump figure, dark-brown, wavy hair, and that violet eye, in combination with the dark, arched eyebrow and long, black lashes that I have rarely seen outside Ireland, save in the south-west of France. She had a devil of a temper. We called her "Fury."

It was to this house, then, that I made my way, for I knew that, if anywhere, I should there discover all I wished to know. I was not left long in doubt, for, on making my way up to the drawing-room, I found both the girls in tears. It was their friend "Clara Burton" (whose real name was Harriet Boswell) who had been brutally done to death in Great Coram Street. So far my curiosity was satisfied, but I was more anxious to learn something, if possible, about the perpetrator of the crime further than had been given in the newspapers, for the face of my friend, the artist, still haunted me, and his words were still ringing in my ears. Yes, they had received a description of the man, for a mutual friend of theirs and the unfortunate Clara had been actually in the latter's and the man's company on the Christmas Eve.

It appeared that the poor girl went direct to the Alhambra, where she must have met her murderer. At Regent Circus two barmaids (one of them the friend I have alluded to above) got into the same omnibus in which the deceased travelled with the man to Hunter Street, where they alighted. The girls were in conversation during the journey, and the barmaids were able to describe the murderer minutely. This was the very thing I desired, and, with suppressed excitement, I listened.

"Our friends tell us," said my Scotch hostess, between her sobs, "that the wretch appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, was about 5ft. 9in. in height, and had a

"Drive me to the nearest police station."

swarthy complexion, with blotches or pimples on his face. He wore a dark brown overcoat and a billy-cock hat, and, although he only spoke once or twice in the omnibus, they both agreed that he was a foreigner."

"Thank heaven!" I muttered to myself, for this description of the girl's companion was as unlike my artist friend as it would be possible to imagine, and I felt relieved. I have always noticed that a woman's curiosity becomes keener when associated with anything terrible, and on this occasion there was no exception. Having calmed themselves somewhat after our conversation, "Fury" (the Irish girl) asked me if it would be possible for them to see the body of their old friend before it was removed to the St. Giles's mortuary, which, they were informed, would be done on that same afternoon, and, if so, would I escort them? Now, this was a pretty tall order, but at that time I was well acquainted with many of the heads of departments in the police force, the late Mr. John Shore, of Scotland Yard, and others, and, being connected with the Press, thought it just possible, especially as my two companions would be really useful in the matter of identification. Accordingly I informed them

that in all probability it could be managed, a cab was sent for, and we started upon our anything but agreeable expedition.

On arriving at Great Coram Street there was, of course, the inquisitive crowd hanging about the house and on the opposite side-walk, necessitating the efforts of several constables to "Now, then, move on, please." We had no difficulty in gaining admission to the house, for my fair companions were well known to the landlady, and as we were ushered into the parlour there was one of the most touching incidents of the whole tragedy enacted. A pretty little blue-eyed child, a girl of, I should say, about five years of age, ran into the room, and immediately recognising my companions, rushed to one of them, and between her hysterical sobs, and in a broken-hearted voice, said, "Want to do to my mummy! Do take me to my mummy!"

I learned afterwards that this was the child of the dead woman. The little thing had been put out to nurse when three months old with a kind woman who received 5s. a week for its support for a considerable time. She had learned to love it so much that an arrangement had been come to that the little girl should be adopted entirely, and that no further money should be paid for its maintenance. The child had been on a visit to the murdered woman only a few days before, and when its foster-mother had called for it on hearing of the tragedy, its custody had been refused by the landlady at Great Coram Street. The poor little thing was pleading to be taken away from the house of horror, not to her "mummy," who lay cold and stark in the room above, but to the kind creature who had been more than a "mummy" to her, and who worshipped every golden hair in her dear little head. That same afternoon the poor foster-mother, with tears in her eyes, presented herself at Bow Street Police Court and asked Mr. Vaughan to give an order for her to receive the child. The magistrate regretted that he was unable to comply with her request, as it was a question for the dead woman's relations, and the poor soul left the court broken-hearted. I understood that almost immediately after the child was restored to her by the brother of the deceased, who came from their native place somewhere in Berkshire to attend the inquest.

But I am digressing. The two ladies had come to the house in order to satisfy their curiosity and to identify their friend Clara Burton. There was no difficulty. We ascended to the second floor, and at the door of a back room we were admitted. I verily believe that my fair companions would have given anything not to have paid that visit. There upon the bed lay the body of the unfortunate woman, the light from the window falling upon her face and dishevelled hair. The face was like marble, and there was that pleasing expression that indicates a smile which is only to be seen upon the countenance of the dead. But it was a ghastly sight, for the pillows upon which the head rested were saturated with blood which had congealed, and the alabaster-like face stood out as if framed in a halo of deep red coral. It was a sight to be remembered, and the two women hastily withdrew.

Returning to their house, where the very mention of luncheon gave us the shudders, we took biscuits with a tumbler of champagne each, and I left to discover the state of my friend's mind. When I arrived at his residence I found that he had slept himself back to his senses, and when I upbraided him for his folly in his unpardonable self-accusation, he roared with laughter, considering it an immense joke. I did not. I learned afterwards, though, that he really had accused himself to the police, and the marvel is to this day that he was allowed to go at large.

I FOUND BOTH THE GIRLS IN TEARS.

The inquest was held in due course, but little light was thrown upon the murder. It was generally supposed that the motive for the crime was robbery, the perpetrator of the deed imagining that a woman living in such a neighbourhood would have money and jewellery. What a mistake he had made! The poor creature was all but penniless, but the wretched brute had taken all he could lay his hands upon. The property missing was a red morocco purse, a pair of jet ear-rings (value about 5s.), small, round jet brooch, and a pawn-ticket for five pairs of ladies' drawers pledged with Cloud, of 7, Wilmot Street, Brunswick Square, on the 24th December, in the name of Jane Wright.

It has always been a mystery to me that a man should part with half a sovereign and then pilfer from the dead woman such worthless articles as those named. Superin-

tendent Thompson, of the E Division, had the case in hand, and so certain was he of running the murderer to earth, that the special services of the Scotland Yard men were not called in. £100 reward, with pardon to any accomplice not actually the murderer, was posted by order of Mr. E. G. Henderson, Commissioner of Police to the Metropolis, but no arrests were made, although suspicion rested upon a "friend" who used to allow the victim money periodically. He, however, was proved to be thousands of miles away at the time, and the police hunted in vain.

During January, however, excitement ran high, for it was declared that at length the efforts of the detectives had been successful, and that a most sensational capture had been effected. A close watch had been kept on the numerous foreign vessels arriving at and leaving Ramsgate, with the result that on the 18th of January Superintendent Buss telegraphed to London. It would appear that a German brig, the "Wangerland," put into that port with 163 emigrants aboard just before Christmas for repairs, and remained there awaiting a favourable wind. The surgeon's assistant, Carl Whollebe, was known to have left Ramsgate for London by the last up train on December 22nd, accompanied by the chaplain, whose name was Hassel, the wife of the reverend gentleman, and a Mr. Hermer, a shipowner. On the 4th of January Whollebe returned to Ramsgate, and went to Hiscock's Royal Hotel, where he had been staying before. He requested that his luggage might be sent aboard the vessel, but expressed his intention to sleep there that night. After his return from London he went to the hotel, but about 2 a.m. he suddenly left the house and returned to the ship. So suspicious were his movements that Inspector Harnett went to Ramsgate from London in company with the greengrocer, George Fleck, who had sold the murdered woman the oranges and nuts, together with a waiter of the Alhambra, named Stalker, who had served the man and woman on Christmas Eve. Carl Whollebe was arrested and brought before these witnesses, but they utterly failed to identify the prisoner, declaring positively that he was not the man they saw in company with the murdered woman.

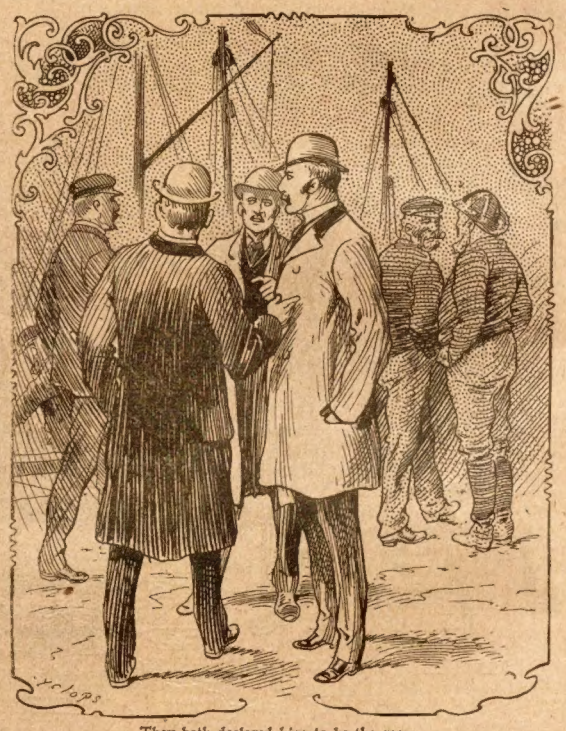
And now comes the most extraordinary incident in all the attempts to capture the murderer. By quite an accident the witnesses had pointed out to them Dr. Hassel, the chaplain, who had accompanied the surgeon's assistant to London. In an instant they both declared him to be the man. Consequently, Whollebe was released, and the chaplain arrested and conveyed to London.

On January 20 Dr. Hassel was brought up before the magistrate at Bow Street. Superintendent Thompson having proved that the prisoner was in London on the night of the murder, on that and the strength of the identification, he was remanded for a week. When again brought up he was confronted by one of the waiters from the Hotel Cavour, Leicester Square, who stated that he, having attended to the murdered woman and her companion late on Christmas Eve, to the best of his belief the latter was the prisoner at the bar. "If it is not him," added the witness, "then it is his twin brother, or I was never more mistaken." On being asked by Mr. Vaughan, he said he was fully aware of the importance of his evidence, and still adhered to his conviction. It was also stated by Inspector Thompson that this witness had been taken to see several other persons, and on no occasion had he identified anyone until he saw Dr. Hassel.

On the 29th of January Mr. Poland appeared upon the scene and examined several of the witnesses. Amongst them were the greengrocer already mentioned, a waiter of the Solferino Restaurant, and a servant girl who saw a man answering the description leave the house. All these declared that Dr. Hassel was the man, but there were others who were not so sure of his identification. A most suspicious circumstance, however, was related in connection with the prisoner. The housemaid of the Royal Hotel, Ramsgate, testified to the request of the prisoner after his return from London three or four days after Christmas for some turpentine and a clothes brush. These were supplied, and a great deal of turpentine was used. A laundress also deposed that out of a number of pocket-handkerchiefs given to her to wash for Dr. Hassel, six or seven were stained with blood, and one was completely saturated.

All this looked very suspicious, but for the defence an alibi was set up, and this was established to the satisfaction of Mr. Vaughan, the magistrate. Whollebe was the principal witness for Dr. Hassel to prove he had never left the hotel on that particular night.

After hearing the evidence patiently, and justifying the action of the police in arresting Dr. Hassel, Mr. Vaughan remarked, "In my mind, it has been conclusively shown that Dr. Hassel was not in the company of that unfortunate woman. The case has been most fully investigated here, and the witnesses on both sides have been subjected to a close and searching cross-examination, and I am satisfied that the witnesses who have spoken to the identity of Dr. Hassel are entirely in error. But even supposing their evidence had been stronger, and free from discrepancies, I should have considered that the case on the part of the



They both declared him to be the man.

prosecution had been entirely destroyed by the evidence of the witnesses for the defence. It is, therefore, my duty—and a duty which I discharge with the greatest satisfaction to myself—to state that the prisoner is released, and, as far as I can see, I can say that he leaves this court without suspicion."

For a time the police tried to get on the track of the brutal murderer, but the bloodhounds were off the scent, and it was never picked up again. The murder took its place amongst the many unravelled mysteries, and, although it was but a case of

"One more unfortunate . . . gone to her rest!"

the cold-bloodedness of the crime, my slight acquaintance with the victim, help to keep fresh in my memory the details of the murder, and, whenever I think of it, as I did on last Christmas Eve, the pale, calm, lifeless face, framed, as it were, in coral, as it lay like marble upon the pillow, is ever now clearly before me, and I fancy I can hear the sobbing voice of that golden-haired little girl saying, "Want to do to my mummy!" the latter, to me, not the least pathetic incident in the story of the Great Coram Street Murder.

# Poisons;

THE MYSTERIOUS DRUGS which silently deal death, now popularly described for the first time . .

## POISONS IN OLDEN TIMES.

THE origin of the use of poisons is lost in the mists of antiquity. In the British Museum there is a photograph of a well preserved mummy, now resting at Cairo, which shows distinct signs of having been poisoned with some irritant poison, and authorities are divided as to whether corrosive sublimate or thorn-apple caused the patriarch's death. Be the drug what it may, the mummy dates from at least three thousand years before the Christian era, and is one of the oldest actual proofs of the use of poisons for criminal purposes that we possess. But though we have not direct proof of the use of poison as an internal means of slaying, we have tradition which carries us back even farther than this. On some of the flint arrow and spear heads which have been taken from the tumuli, traces of substances which are supposed to be poisons have been found, and it is probable that it was by means of introducing them into wounds that the deadly properties of certain drugs and preparations were discovered. The savage who had neglected to clean his spear or arrow found that the wounds inflicted with the foul weapons were more lethal than the hurts of new or clean ones, and subsequently made a practice of impregnating his arrows with blood, or with the juices of plants, gaining thereby an advantage over his rivals.

There is recorded in one of the Egyptian papyri the fact that Mênes, first king of Egypt, was learned in plants, and knew something of the properties of henbane and hemlock, while his successors discovered prussic acid, which they prepared, from peach stones and leaves, by distillation. One very old papyrus records the fact that prussic acid was used as a poison, and speaks of "the penalty of the peach" as the reward of a traitor.

The Greeks prepared their principal poisons from hemlock juice, and used to drink the mixture when an honourable death was preferred to disgrace. In this they resembled the Japanese, who till lately performed "Hari Kari," or "happy despatch," when death was the only apparent solution of a difficulty. Early Chinese works mention gold in a finely divided form as a poison, and the phrase, "he has taken gold leaf," is to-day synonymous with suicide in the land of the Celestials. But though we thus get passing mention of the existence of poisons, and, as has been mentioned, have at least one distinct proof of their potency in the days when the world was young, it was not till B.C. 150 that any work dealing with the subject was written.

In that year Nikander produced the first work on poisons, which he entitled, "Poisons and their Antidotes." The early physician deals with twenty-two poisons, or, rather, articles which were accounted poisons in his time, and he divides them into two classes—"those which killed quickly," and "those which killed slowly." In the former class he places Cantharides, or Spanish fly, colchicum, aconite, hemlock, toxicon—which was an extract of toads—arsenic, antimony or stibium, mercury, copper and lead, while the slow poisons embraced decoctions of salamanders, sea urchins, decomposed bull's blood, leeches, yew berries, gold and silver, opium and henbane.

Of this list he puts most faith in the toad soup, which, by the way, is not harmful, and only derives its reputation from tradition, while he distinctly objects to antimony being used, saying that the patient rarely retains it long enough to be poisoned. Had he looked forward some two thousand years, he would have known that that drug is most fatal in very small quantities often repeated, and was, indeed, the agent used by the infamous Dr. Pritchard to kill his wife. Of antidotes, he only recommends emetics which, he says, prevent the poison entering into the system. Warm oil, warm water, and mellow or linseed tea were the only remedies he was aware of. The work was a useful one, and though several of his so-called poisons are innocuous, he did well to be on the safe side. He was the father of toxicology, though but little credit is given to him to-day, his work having been entirely eclipsed by the book on poisons and materia medica written by his successor, Dioscorides. For fifteen centuries Dioscorides was the standard author, not only of poisons, but on pharmacy in general. That ancient physician corrected Nikander in one or two particulars, and gave a fuller account of the species of sea urchins which his predecessor entered in his black list. Dioscorides speaks of it as a sea hare, and mentions it as a dreadfully dangerous creature. Modern zoologists have not settled the question whether the beast referred to was a muræna, from which a valuable dye was obtained, or aplysia, a species of gastropod, which is not really dangerous. The father of materia medica, however, added to his list several valuable poisons, principal among which are the two hellebores and elaterin, a drug now again coming into popularity after a rest of two thousand years, but he gave his authority to the statement that mandrake was a deadly agent, and as such it was considered till the commencement of the last century.

With regard to mandrake, its dreadful properties were supposed to be due to the influence of an evil spirit which lived in the plant, and which had to be avoided and warned off with incantations when the plant was gathered, lest it should enter into the body of the herbalist and strike him to the ground. Some old writers recommend that the plant should be tied to the tail of a dog, and the animal compelled to pull the root out of the ground, when, we are assured, "that the foul spirit will quit its abode with dreadful shrieks and howls."

After the time of Dioscorides, the study of poisons waned, for it was considered unwise to allow the learned to write about them, lest evil should befall the unwary and a powerful weapon be put into the hands of political conspirators. Galen, of course, in his great work, mentions many drugs which to-day we know as poisons, but beyond giving instructions for their use in legitimate medicine, gives no more information.

But from the time of Galen dates the introduction of the more secret poisons which obtained for the South of Europe so unsavoury a reputation, and which we will further speak of in another number.

The earliest of the "high art" poisons used in mediæval times was cantharides, or, as it is popularly called, Spanish fly. There were various methods of administration, but perhaps the most popular was to mix the drug, when finely chopped, with pepper, and serve that condiment to the person whose death was desired. It had the advantage of being fairly easily controlled, and at first, beyond suffering from the aphrodisiacal effects peculiar to the drug, the victim suffered little discomfort, and ascribed his condition to the rich and highly seasoned food which the custom of those licentious times demanded should be provided for the delectation of the guest. But, after a few days, pains in the stomach were experienced, and gradually symptoms of irritant poisoning made themselves known.

Leeches in those days had little knowledge of treatment of cases of that kind, and the remedies almost invariably produced the effect which the poison would have done unaided. Doubtless many a private enemy met his death at the hand of the poisoner acquainted with the proper method of handling cantharides, but years went by before its properties were thoroughly understood and its symptoms recognised. This desirable result was really brought about by the unsuccessful attempt to poison Sir Thomas Overbury, who, luckily, recovered from the effects, and his murderers were compelled to have recourse to a mercurial poison to effect his removal.

Prior to the reign of cantharides began the rule of arsenic as a lethal medium, and in the hands of the Borgias it was almost always successful. Indeed, it has been discovered that arsenic was the principal ingredient in their celebrated Aqua Borgia, the method of manufacture of which may well be quoted.

The chemist who is about to prepare the deadly potion must first procure a young male bear, to which animal he administers a dose of arsenic, care being taken to graduate the dose according to the rapidity with which it is desired that the drug shall act on a human being. The bear is then hung up by the heels, and the saliva which drips from the animal's mouth is collected in a silver basin and carefully preserved in a dark place. To the fluid a certain amount of spirit was sometimes added, but it was not essential to the mixture.

Now, what was this Aqua Borgia? The stomach of all mammals contains, besides other juices, hydrochloric acid, which is necessary for proper digestion, and by the light of modern chemistry, one would be inclined to think that the active principle of the celebrated poison was nothing more or less than a chloride of arsenic, with possibly a small admixture of arsenious acid.

Rumour has gifted the Borgias with the power of determining exactly how many days their victims should live after partaking of the poison, but it is far from improbable that rumour has overstepped the mark.

The only remedy supposed to exist for poisoning by this wonderful concoction was for the patient to get inside the carcase of an ox that had just been slaughtered, and it is said

that this extraordinary treatment was actually carried out on the person of Alexander Borgia, who feared that he had fallen a victim to the family medicine.

Of all the secret poisons, however, the Aqua Toffana, or Tofana, which is usually ascribed to the Borgias, was the most celebrated. This poison was also a solution of arsenic, and was invented by an old hag of the name of Toffana. Historians frequently confound it with the Aqua Borgia, which it closely resembled in its effects. She tried to blend religion with her dangerous practices, and sold her specific in bottles bearing the image of a saint, and labelled as "Acquetta di Napoli," "Manna of St. Nicholas," or simply "Aqua Toffana." For a long time the process of manufacturing the poison was a profound secret, Madame Toffana informing her clients that it was a miraculous oil which oozed from the tomb of St. Nicholas, but at last, through the skill of Garceli, physician to Charles VI. of Austria, it was declared to be nothing but a solution of arsenic in aqua cymbalariæ, a harmless diluent used in mediæval medicine. This, modern science tells us, means that the terrible drug was really a solution of arsenious acid.

This discovery spoilt the miraculous oil story, and Toffana fled to a convent, where she took sanctuary, and supported the institution for twenty years by selling her specific. At last, however, the populace could not stand the reign of terror which obtained, and the Circe was captured and executed, but not before her infamous poison had caused the death of two Popes, a host of Reigning Princes, and Grand Dukes and smaller fry innumerable. As in the present day, the patent medicine vendor had numerous imitators, among the most prominent of which was the "Aqua di Perugia," a mixture similar to the Borgia water, but being safer to prepare, a hog being substituted for the bear. It had many adherents, but never attained the reputation of the miraculous oil, the use of which almost carried a pardon from heaven with it in the opinion of the users.

But it must not be thought that in the Middle Ages, and at the time of the Borgias, all poisoners pinned their faith to arsenic. A perusal of some of the old works shows that even medical men of great repute did not scruple to invent all kinds of noxious drugs, which they named either after some celebrated personage, or after themselves. Thus we have the "Venenum Caroli," or "Poison of Charles," which consisted of a decoction of yew berries, henbane, stramonium, and honey, boiled for a lengthy period in a silver vessel, to which was subsequently added the blood and juices of ten toads. This could hardly be called a secret poison, as the taste must have been abominable. It was added to mulled wine, and the patient was supposed to pass to eternity in his sleep. Again, belladonna root was frequently added to the evening drinks of persons whose death was desired.

Dr. Lupin, who invented the poison which bears his name, certainly believed in making sure of his subjects, for his pills, which were to be administered to the unhappy victims, contained no fewer than six deadly ingredients, namely, aconite, yew, caustic lime, powdered glass, sulphide of arsenic, and oil of bitter almonds, or prussic acid. These drugs were to be made into a pill about the size of a hazel nut, and administered by force to the enemy.

In the early days of the Borgias, popular rumour declared that the infamous family possessed, in common with several physicians, a secret for poisoning all kinds of articles. Thus John of Castile succumbed to wearing poisoned boots, and Henry VI. to poisoned gloves, while a poisoned taper used at a religious ceremony is declared to be responsible for the demise of Louis XIV. and Pope Clement VII. It is certain that the Borgias made use of poison rings which contained a small needle which pricked the hand of the victim when grasped in friendship, but what poison was used to effect death has not been definitely determined. Some of the best commentators are inclined to think that the ptomaines were known as lethal agents before their action was made public, and that possibly a ptomaine from putrid cheese—tyrotoxin—was the poison employed. Others, again, have suggested that possibly some one of the African or East Indian arrow poisons was used, and the theory seems plausible, since Italy was in constant communication with the East and with Africa.

The descriptions of the methods of poisoning garments show us that much of the process was useless, and purely superstitious, but much was actually likely to cause death. Salts of mercury and arsenic are recorded as being the poisons used, and it says little for the cleanliness of the people of those days that the irritation caused by the contact of the drugs with the skin did not cause the victims to change their clothes or have them washed. But the accounts which have been preserved do not agree with the symptoms caused by mercury and the rapidity with which the poisons acted is quite out of keeping with external applications of that mineral; consequently, the favourite medium was probably arsenic.

The poisoned cup also figures largely in the dark history of Europe, and almost every physician had his own receipts for poisoning a goblet, but few used them. One worthy explains how it was done, and, as usual, toad enters largely into the formula, though the deadly matter was arsenic. The usual method was to fill the cup with chopped-up toads and powdered arsenic, and as the goblets were of unalloyed silver, it is not improbable that an arseniate or arsenite of silver may have been formed by the joint action of the arsenic and the acid juices of the batrachian. Be this as it may, the goblets were in great request, though the actual number who fell victims to their use is probably not very large. When a poisoned vessel was used, there can be little doubt that in most cases the poison was in the liquid and not in the receptacle.

Such was the fear of the poisoned goblet, that a curious custom was introduced into the service at the Vatican. When the Pope celebrated Mass in State, an excellent opportunity was given to intriguers to poison the prelate, and on two occasions the Pontiff was poisoned either by drugs put into the wine or into the wafer. To guard against this, it was made a rule that three wafers should be provided, one of which the Pope selected for the service, and the other two were distributed by him, one to the Master of the Ceremonies, who was responsible for the provision of the wine and wafer, and the other to any cardinal or cleric present, and the selected official had to consume the morsel under the eyes of the Sovereign Pontiff before he would go on with the service. Similarly, the wine and water used in the chalice was shared with, or tasted by, officials. When, however, the poisoned goblet was introduced, the Pope saw that he could not protect himself, as three chalices were provided, but on State occasions a special one was reserved for the officiant, so when the time came for the Pope to consume the wine, instead of drinking from the chalice, he produced a golden tube, which he dipped into the wine and sucked it up, thus avoiding contact with the rim of the vessel which he feared might be impregnated with deadly matter.

The reason for the ceremony has passed away, but still on official occasions the aged Pope produces the golden tube, as ordained in the books of ceremonies, and consumes the consecrated wine as his predecessors have done for the past five hundred years, and the other precautions are carried out with strict exactitude.

Antidotes to poisons in the Middle Ages, and even up to the end of the seventeenth century, were curious, and many of them useless. Great faith was placed in the action of bezoar, a stone which was supposed to possess miraculous properties. There is, however, little to show that any active result ever followed its use, while, on the contrary, we have a distinct proof that on one occasion at least it failed miserably. It appears that Charles IX. was much interested in bezoar and its marvellous action, and itched for an opportunity to prove its merits, so he bethought him of the old principle, "fiat experimentum in corpore vili," i.e., let the experiment be made on a person of no consequence. Still the monarch was loth to take any undue risk, and bided his time. One day two silver spoons from the royal table were missing, and suspicion pointed to one of the king's cooks as the culprit. Anyhow, the cook was responsible for the spoons, and the loss of any of the royal plate was punishable with death. Here was Charles's opportunity. The unfortunate cook was summoned to the presence, and a large dose of corrosive sublimate administered to him by his master. Shortly afterwards an equally large dose of bezoar was given to counteract the poison. Alas for the bezoar's reputation! the cook died in seven hours, after suffering great agonies.

The only really effective antidotes in those days consisted of strong emetics, followed by stimulants to keep the patient's strength up, yet, strange as it may seem, the medical men preferred to blunder on in the dark, administering mosses and powdered bones, and filthy decoctions of slugs and such-like nauseous compounds, in the hope of stumbling on a genuine remedy, rather than make use of medicaments which they knew were frequently of real service.

The English reign of poison followed the Italian one, and was brought about by the practice then in vogue of sending young men to Italy to complete their education and acquire some slight knowledge of diplomacy. These men brought back with them a little of the Roman poison lore, and gradually began to make use of it, though they never attained the success of the Italians.

King John is reputed to have poisoned Maud FitzWalter,

a beautiful young lady of ancient lineage, who refused to listen to the licentious monarch's indecent proposals. Tradition tells us that the poison was conveyed to her concealed in an egg, but what that poison was has never been discovered. Anne Boleyn is believed to have made an attempt to remove her libertine husband, Henry VIII., by means of arsenic administered in a cup of wine, and apologists for the roué king say that that was the real reason for her execution, averring that the sovereign did not want it to be known that his life had been attempted by poison lest some of his enemies should be led to repeat the experiment with success.

The next important poisoning case in England was the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, in whose cruel death there is little doubt that King James had a hand. The miserable knight succumbed to successive doses of cantharides, spiders, arsenic, nitrate of silver, and, finally, corrosive sublimate. We have omitted Dudley, Earl of Leicester during the reign of Elizabeth, from our catalogue of poisoners, because historians of to-day have agreed that he was only a poisoner by repute, and not in fact.

Before we begin to consider those poisons in modern use, and their peculiarities and antidotes, we will briefly refer to the poisons of the East, and of savage countries. From the days of the Vedas, poisons have been known in India, and the poisoned cup was always considered a more honourable method of getting rid of a political rival than the bowstring or the sword. The first poison with which the Aryans were familiar was sulphide of arsenic, or orpiment, and many of the older Sanscrit manuscripts are still impregnated with that drug, to protect them from the ravages of insects.

Next to this, the place of honour must be given to preparations of datura stramonium, the thorn apple, and other members of the datura family, all of which yield very potent poisons, the active principle of which is an alkaloid called daturine, which is physiologically and chemically the same as atropine, but twice the strength of that most deadly drug.

As might be expected in a people whose pharmacopœia consisted principally of extracts of various herbs, most of the Oriental poisons were of vegetable origin, and only those minerals which were administered in a native state were found in the laboratory of the poisoner. Thus, salts of mercury were conspicuous by their absence until Occidental medicine put the hakims, or native doctors, in possession of that valuable mineral, while arsenic was only used in the form of the sulphide which was obtained from Greece and Styria. The diamond was used both as a medicinal remedy and as a poison, and, even in modern times, was used by an Indian potentate to poison the British Political Resident at his Court, against whom he had a grudge. The gem was finely powdered, and mixed with the officer's food, in the hopes that it would set up acute inflammation of the stomach and thus cause death. The plot failed, and the king—predecessor of the present Gaikwar of Baroda—was tried and deposed.

Opium naturally was used freely throughout the East, but not as a criminal poison so much as to help a suffering relative out of the world, an action which the Oriental regards as perfectly legitimate. The frequent use of the poppy-juice after the Mahommedan invasion of India rendered opium too uncertain a poison to find much favour with the natives, and they preferred to make use of more reliable agents.

The berries of strychnos nux vomica, containing strychnine as their active portion, then came into fashion, and many persons died in agony, poisoned by the harmless-looking seeds. Another poison which obtained in the East was Indian hemp, preparations of which have been popular in Persia for centuries. There are two forms of Indian hemp—bhang, which consists of the small stalks and leaves of the plant, carefully dried, and gunja, which is the dried flowers of the female plant. Bhang is of a dark green colour, and, when mixed with honey, sugar, and flour, forms the far-famed haschish. Gunja is of a brown colour, and is more frequently used for smoking when mixed with tobacco.

A decoction of the leaves of cervera thevetia, a beautiful tree with golden-yellow, trumpet-shaped flowers, was long used as a secret poison in the harems of the East. Its effect on man is very uncertain, and probably it would not be a virulent poison, but when administered to a pregnant or parturient woman acts as a powerful abortifacient in small doses, and as a certain poison in larger quantities. It is a very difficult drug to detect, and until lately was a favourite means of killing a mistress, but at last specialists have discovered an infallible test for the active principle of the leaves, and several poisoners have gone to the gallows for making use of this dangerous poison.

So much for the Oriental poisons which were administered internally, but they do not form the whole of the ancient Indian's repertory. Poisoning by inoculation was very popular throughout all the Indies, not only in the form of poisoned weapons but also by actual hypodermic injection. Almost every collection of Indian trophies contains specimens of the claw-like gloves which were used for introducing poison into the system of enemies, and miniature specimens of these, ending with tiny needle-points, have been found, well impregnated with deadly poison. The crude juice of the sago palm was probably the principal poison used, though evidence seems to point to some knowledge of the poisonous properties of decaying flesh. Venom from the cobra was freely used where death was desired to take place rapidly, while for a more lingering death the extract from the poison-glands of the phursa, a species of viper, and from the daboia russellii, were employed.

There remains an even more subtle method of poisoning an enemy—namely, that of causing actual disease in the victim. This effect was produced in two ways, one by means of the administration of a fungus, called mucor phycomyces, which, when administered in warm water, has the curious property, we are assured, of producing consumption in its most rapid form, and the other by direct inoculation with virulent venereal diseases. The method of inoculation can only be hinted at; suffice it to say that hairs impregnated with disease germs were inserted where most suitable while the victim was asleep. Of this method of poisoning there is no doubt whatsoever, for the records of the India Office and of the Honourable East India Company amply testify to its use both in ancient and modern times.

Savage races have their own particular poisons for use on their weapons. Thus, in some parts of Africa the juice of the strophanthus hispidus, called kombé, is used, and a wound from an arrow impregnated with this is invariably fatal. Other African savages used crushed ants as a poison, the active principle of which is, of course, formic acid, together with a ptomaine, the result of the decomposing organic matter. Of the ourari, or ourare, used by the South American Indians for the same purpose, we shall have more to say when we deal with poisons individually, while of the juice of antiaris toxicaria, used by the Malays and the Andaman Islanders for their blow-pipe missiles, little is known beyond the fact that death is almost certain to follow a wound in a few hours.

Thus we have briefly dealt with the history of poisons up to the commencement of the last century, and indicated the favourite means employed by our forefathers to remove their private enemies. It remains but to add that witchcraft and superstition in various forms had much to do with the mysterious deaths which took place. A man died suddenly; medicine was not known to have been administered to him, and his demise was at once ascribed to the influence of some evil spirit. If several deaths took place in any particular district, some inoffensive old woman was arrested and accused of witchcraft. The method of trial was crude and the unfortunate prisoner's chance of justice was nil. She was carried, screaming, to the nearest pond and flung in. If she swam she was accounted guilty; if she was drowned she was declared to be innocent!

The primitive state in which medical science was in those days allowed of nothing more than the most cursory post-mortem examination, and the leeches decided as to the administration or not of poisons more by auspices than by exact science, thus poisoning on a large scale was possible. To-day the poisoner has small chance of escaping detection, so skilled are our official analysts and pathologists.

Punishments for poisoning varied greatly in different countries. For some time poisoners were boiled alive in England; at another period they were burned as witches. On the Continent the poisoner was either strangled and burned, or burned simply, or beheaded and then burned after having made a public penance. This last was the fate of the brilliant Marquise de Brinvilliers, who poisoned her father, two brothers, and a sister. Her accomplice, Captain St. Croix, met his death accidentally with his own poisons. He was preparing a specially violent poison in his laboratory when the vessel burst and the fumes of the noxious mixture overcame him; thus he was hoisted with his own petard, a fitting end for such a villain.

Reviewing the history of poisoning, one cannot help wondering what use the Borgias and the Venetian poisoners would have made of our modern drugs had they been acquainted with them. Judging by the use they did make of the crude material of which they were possessed, it is a fair conjecture that the ancient nobility would have died the death of the Kilkenny cats, and a new order sprung up.

# SAMUEL BARTLETT

HE shot his mother-in-law; made a dramatic speech in the dock, and a religious one on the scaffold, and died while protesting his innocence.

"Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds."

—JOHN WEBSTER, "The White Devil" (Act V. Sc. 6).

SAMUEL BARTLETT was indicted at the Gloucester Assizes on Thursday, the 6th of April, 1837, for the wilful murder of Mary Lewis, his mother-in-law, on the 10th of September, in the previous year, at Stapleton, near Bristol.

The case had excited an unusual degree of interest, and the court was much crowded. On his being called upon to plead to the indictment, the prisoner said, "With the word of God upon my heart and lips, I can firmly and truly say 'Not Guilty.'" This assertion, however, was satisfactorily and by indisputable evidence disproved. The circumstances, which were detailed by a great number of witnesses, were these: The prisoner was a young man of decent parentage and education, but of a somewhat dissipated disposition; and he had followed a wandering life as a member of a strolling company of players, called Ingleby's Company, frequenting fairs, race-courses, and other such places of entertainment. In the month of August, 1836, he visited Monmouth with his troupe; and having become acquainted with the daughter of a shoemaker named Lewis he was married to her. He received £45 as her wedding portion, and a promise of a further amount upon the death of her father; and after a short sojourn with his wife's friends he proceeded to join his party. On the 5th of September, hearing that her daughter and son-in-law were at Bristol, Mrs. Lewis went to see them, and she visited them there repeatedly, the prisoner being engaged in the usual manner in attending the fair. On the 9th of September, Bartlett was seen in the possession of a horse-pistol; and he sent a boy to purchase powder and percussion caps, and the boy saw him roll up a piece of lead in the form of a bullet. Previously to this he and his mother-in-law had had some difference; but on Saturday, the 10th of September, they quitted his lodgings together, and were seen walking on the Stapleton Road. They entered the Mason's Arms, and partook of some refreshment; and while there Bartlett borrowed a knife from the landlady, saying that he wanted to cut a piece of wood. He went out to the back yard with it, where the firewood was kept; and on his return to the house he was observed to be agitated, and he strove to conceal his features. Having then paid for the liquor which they had had, he and Mrs. Lewis went away, and they were seen to turn down a place called Tebbutt's Lane, leading towards the river Frome. Soon afterwards a shot was heard; and within an hour the murdered body of Mrs. Lewis was discovered stretched on the ground. Her dress was disordered, her bonnet and shawl had been torn from her person, and one of her legs was found doubled under her, as if in the agonies of death. She was instantly conveyed to the Mason's Arms, and upon an examination of her person she was found to have been shot through the back part of her head, the ball having passed through her bonnet. Bartlett went to the Mason's Arms to see the body, and on being introduced to the room where it lay he exclaimed, with affected surprise, "Good God! it is my mother-in-law!" Suspicion had already attached to him, and he was now taken into custody; and upon his lodgings being searched a pistol was found which had been recently discharged, together with a piece of wood newly cut into the form of a ramrod. The evidence extended into the most minute particulars in reference to the transaction; and the chain of proof which was procured appeared to leave no possible doubt on the guilt of the prisoner.

The defence which was set up was that Bartlett had left his mother-in-law immediately on his quitting the Mason's Arms, and that the pistol which had been found at his lodgings was one which he had been in the habit of discharging at the fairs, in order to attract attention to his employer's booth.

Although it was a melancholy thing to witness the pertinacious denial of guilt in the case, yet no reasonable doubt could exist that Bartlett was justly convicted. On a review of the conduct of the criminal from the moment of his committing the horrid crime, up to the period of his execution, there is good reason to believe that Bartlett's mind was strongly tinctured with insanity. It was said that Bartlett was born in London, and served his apprenticeship as a cabinetmaker. After the trial of the criminal, an application was made to Mr. Baron Bolland to stay his execution, on the ground that evidence had been discovered which would establish an alibi, and several affidavits on this point were handed to his lordship. They were the affidavits of three persons, a little girl named Scott, a female acquaintance of the prisoner named Tickle, and Middleton, the manager of the strolling company with which he was connected, stating that the prisoner was seen in Bristol at about a quarter past one on the day of the murder, thus circumscribing the time of its perpetration within narrower limits than were supposed consistent with the distance to be travelled and the period passed in the Stapleton public-house. His lordship said if he had the slightest doubt respecting the propriety of the conviction he would immediately accede to the application; indeed, if any doubt at all had existed in his mind he should not have waited for the application to have been made to him, but should have anticipated it; but, as it was, it was out of his power to interfere with the due course of the law. His lordship begged that anything that he had said might not interfere to prevent any petition to the throne for mercy. If a case on behalf of the prisoner could be made out, he knew that the humanity of the King would at once interpose and save his life.

Mr. Brown, prisoner's attorney, accordingly prepared a petition, and transmitted it with the affidavits to the Secretary of State. In reply, Lord John Russell said that, having conferred with the judge before whom the prisoner was tried, he regretted that he could not consistently with his public duty recommend any extension of the Royal clemency.

The result of the application was communicated to Bartlett, who remarked, with the greatest composure, that he was prepared for it.

On Friday afternoon, preceding the final scene, Bartlett was visited by his wife, the daughter of the murdered woman, her father, and his (prisoner's) brother. He asserted his innocence to each of them, and appeared as unshaken and firm as he did during the trial. Such, indeed, had been his demeanour during the whole of the time that he had been under sentence of death, that he appeared resolved, as the fatal hour approached, to confirm in the most determined manner, the words which he addressed to his lordship on being found guilty, "that he would to the last moment of his existence protest his innocence, and call down heaven's retribution on the perpetrator's head." His wife was much affected on taking leave of him, but he himself appeared unmoved.

At night the convict slept soundly from eleven until about three, when he awoke and inquired what time it was, and, being informed, he observed that "he had but a few more hours to live," and composed himself again to sleep, and continued so till six in the morning, after which time he more than once repeated his protestations that he was guiltless of the murder.

The public, who eagerly flock to hear a trial of murder, form an important factor in the proceedings, viewed in a dramatic sense. There are few subjects which have more exercised the ingenuity of philosophers, about which more theories have been invented—all pretending to give a satisfactory solution of the problem—and there are few, if we may judge from the multiplicity of these theories, more difficult to account for than that cause or principle in our nature which attracts us to scenes of real or fictitious distress and misery. "It seems an unaccountable pleasure," says Hume,

"which the spectators of a tragedy receive from terror, sorrow, anxiety, and other passions, that are in themselves disagreeable and uneasy. The more they are touched and affected, the more are they delighted with the spectacle." From what unexplained love of torture, from what inexplicable savageness of heart does it proceed, that we rejoice in the dishes of Œdipus, regard with monstrous satisfaction the furies that agitate Othello, and, like evil spirits, laugh and mock amid that storm of woes which pelts a head so old and white as Lear's?

Do we not display a ferocity of disposition hardly credible when, not content with the miseries and evils which beset and waylay the life of man, not satisfied with the shocking realities we every day witness, we hunger and thirst after objects which glut our eyes with the worst and most aggravated forms of mental agony, and of death in its grimmest shape? There was not lacking this process of human unsympathy at the trial and execution of Bartlett. The singularly revolting nature of his crime, his nauseating hypocrisy and general demeanour failed to produce any such symptoms; and it is questionable that the most effusive contrition would have inspired the least commiseration for such a mercenary and cold-blooded delinquent.

The trial lasted during the whole of two days, and then a verdict of "Guilty" was returned. Upon the unhappy man being called up for judgment, he threw himself into a theatrical attitude, and delivered a set speech of some length, which was distinguished by great force and vehemence, both of style and manner, and produced an extremely strong and painful sensation throughout the court. He stated in substance that he should meet his death with firmness and resignation, protesting his innocence even in his dying moments, and calling upon God to visit with his awful retribution the murderer of his mother-in-law. Sentence of death was then passed, and the prisoner was removed from the bar.

On Saturday, the 15th of April, the sentence of the law was carried into effect upon the wretched criminal. He had been visited by the clergymen of the jail, but they could not succeed in making any impression on him; and although in his demeanour he was serious and respectful, he remained firm and prompt in his denial of the existence of any circumstances from which an inference of his guilt or even guilty knowledge could be drawn.

When arrived on the drop he gazed on the assembled multitude, and looked as if he desired to address them. The executioner motioned for silence; and perfect stillness prevailing, he spoke in a calm and impressive manner as follows:

"Englishmen and Fellow-countrymen—I have a few words to say to you, and they shall be but very few. Yet let me entreat you, one and all, that the few words that I shall utter may strike deep into your hearts. Bear them in your mind, not only now while you are witnessing this sad scene, but take them to your homes—take them and repeat them to your children and friends. I implore you, as a dying man, one for whom the instrument of death is even now prepared; and these words are, that you may loose yourselves from the love of this dying world and its vain pleasures. Think less of it, and more of your God. Do this; repent! repent! for be assured that without deep and true repentance, without turning to your heavenly Father, you will never attain or can hold the slightest hope of ever reaching those bowers of bliss and that land of peace to which I trust I am now fast advancing. I will say a few more words. All good Christians and repentant men that behold my disgrace here, shall—at least I trust they will—behold my glory hereafter; and my last words are—I am an innocent man!" He delivered this address with marked emphasis, and it was a very remarkable fact that when he came to the syllable "in" in "innocent" there appeared to be a slight hesitation; but he proceeded with the same firmness with which he commenced his address.

The cap was then drawn over his face, and in a few moments the drop fell from under his feet, and he ceased to exist. As an instance of the cool determination of this wretched man, we may mention that on the night before his execution he inquired if there was a phrenologist in the town, and on being answered in the affirmative, he expressed a wish that his head might be delivered to him, and that his trunk, for the good of society, might be sent to the infirmary. History does not reveal whether such a wish was carried into effect.

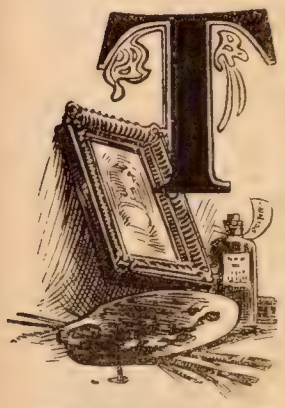
BARTLETT SHOOTS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed."
SHAKESPEARE, "Venus and Adonis."

# THOMAS WAINEWRIGHT,

POISONER,
POET and ARTIST.

ONE of the most remarkable criminals who ever disgraced the annals of England.



THE corruption of a good thing is worse than the corruption of a bad one." Thus the old saw, and it is as true in criminal matters as it is in other things. The educated and refined criminal is the greatest pest to society, and his depredations are usually far more serious than those of the illiterate convict, while, if he turns his attention to murder, there is no limit to his baseness.

In the long list of criminals who have from time to time shocked the world at large, few can be found who can equal Thomas Griffiths Wainewright in the atrocity of their crimes.

Wainewright was the son of Thomas Wainewright, a man of good birth, who had made a run-away match with Miss Griffiths, the daughter of Dr. Griffiths, the well-known publisher and founder of the "Monthly Review." A few months after the infant's birth, Thomas Wainewright père died, and his widow and son went to live with the old publisher at Chiswick. It was at Linden House, in that pleasant riverside town, that Thomas spent his youth, and he was educated at a neighbouring school. From his mother he inherited the literary tastes of Dr. Griffiths, and the rapidity with which he mastered foreign tongues was remarkable, while English literature was a real delight to him, even when little more than a child. More than this, he possessed artistic merits of no mean order, and while yet a schoolboy his drawings were very favourably commented on by the members of the Royal Academy.

But there is always some drawback in every person who is endowed beyond his fellows with genius, and Thomas Wainewright was no exception to the rule. Littérateur and artist, he was also a dissipated roué, and this led to violent quarrels with his grandfather, who eventually advised him to keep away from the house. This angered Thomas, and in 1816, he being then twenty-two years of age, he enlisted in the Yeomanry. It has been said that he rose to attain commissioned rank; but no records can be found to prove that he ever got higher than sergeant.

Three years later the old doctor was gathered to his fathers, and Wainewright retired from the army, imagining that he would then inherit sufficient to enable him to live in comfort for the rest of his days. But the worthy old gentleman appreciated the character of his grandson too well, and though he did leave him a competency, it was in the form of a life interest in £6,000, the interest of which was to be paid him yearly by his trustees. However, this little was better than nothing, and Wainewright settled down as well as he could, and lived the life of a littérateur and an artist. His writings were readily accepted by the principal magazines of the period, and his pictures almost invariably found a place on the walls of the Academy.

Among men of letters he was always welcome, for his mind was of a high order, his sayings witty, and his criticisms much respected. He formed one of the little coterie which used to meet in the rooms of Charles Lamb in the Temple, and that great author speaks of him as kind and light-hearted; but, curiously enough, Mary Lamb had a strong aversion to him, and in this differed from every other woman.

In 1821 Thomas Wainewright married Miss Francis Ward, a charming and beautiful lady of excellent lineage. She was the daughter by the first marriage of Mrs. Abercrombie, and the young married couple managed to struggle along for a short time on the scanty income which Dr. Griffiths had left to them. Then the pinch of hunger began to be felt, for £180 per annum is not much to keep a wife and house on. It was then that the natural genius of the scholar and man of refined taste first turned towards crime.

Under Dr. Griffiths's will there were four trustees who held the principal of the money left to Thomas. Money was very scarce, and the author-artist did not know where to turn to get more; so he forged the signatures of his trustees to an order for the sale of £3,000 worth of the three per cent. stock, and, having got possession of the money, paid off his most pressing debts. The fraud was not discovered at the time—either because the trustees were very careless, or because the interest was generally paid direct to the annuitant, and this gave Wainewright a certain amount of confidence. On what was left of the embezzled money, Wainewright and his wife managed to live, eking out their income by the proceeds of the husband's pen and pencil, till 1828, when again the wolf began to howl at the door in the shape of creditors, who would not be appeased without money.

Just at this juncture Mr. George Griffiths, brother to Wainewright's mother, who had acquired Linden House, Chiswick, under the doctor's will, invited the struggling couple to come and stay with him for a short while. They both went to Chiswick, and were soon comfortably installed in the house where Thomas had been brought up.

One evening, Thomas asked his uncle what disposition he had made of his property in the event of his death, and was told that the gentleman had purchased an annuity with the bulk of the cash which he had inherited, but had left Linden and the residue of his estate to the questioner. That satisfied Wainewright. The sooner that Mr. George Griffiths joined his father in the tomb the sooner would monetary troubles cease for his nephew.

Strange as it may appear, only a few days after this conversation Mr. Griffiths was taken seriously ill. His whole frame was violently convulsed. His agony was apparent to everybody; his body was bent up like a bow, and he died within twenty-four hours. No one was more distressed than Thomas Wainewright, who called in the village doctor, and suggested that everything possible should be done for the gentleman, who was suffering from apoplexy. The doctor felt that he had an intelligent man to deal with, gave his orders, and when death supervened, certified that apoplexy was the cause of Mr. Griffiths's decease. Thereafter Wainewright reigned in his stead at Linden House.

The Chiswick establishment was a large one, and only suitable for a man with a considerable income, whereas, as we know, Wainewright had a very small amount of money, and had only received some few hundreds of pounds with the estate. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that before long he was again in Queer Street. Prior to realising that he would soon be penniless again, however, Thomas tried to accelerate his ruin by inviting all his literary acquaintances in London down to enjoy his hospitality; and they, when they saw the large house and the fair grounds, naturally thought that their colleague was a man of vast wealth, and had no scruples about helping him to spend the money which they thought was in his coffers.

Finding funds getting a little low, Wainewright devised a brilliant scheme, by which to make money out of the clever as well as out of the amateur art collectors. He made friends with Colaghni, the art publisher, and bought from him certain valuable engravings, bearing the publisher's autograph on the mount. Taking these home, he carefully removed the genuine engraving from the mount, and placed in its stead a cheap, common picture. By this means he had a trumpery work bearing Colaghni's signature, for sale to any fool whom he might come across, and also had the originals to dispose of to those who really were competent to judge of good matter. It was a clever plan, and worked very well for a short time; but in 1830 he again found that he was horribly involved, and wondered where he was to get the money from to live upon. He pondered long over the question, and then remembering the peculiarly sudden death of George Griffiths, and the slight access of wealth which followed it, he saw a loophole out of his difficulties.

As a start, he invited Mrs. Abercrombie—his wife's mother—and her two daughters, Helen and Madeleine, to come and share the large house with him. Mrs. Abercrombie was not at all well blessed with the good things of

this world, and she was far from loth to accept such a charming offer; so she wrote to say that she would come and stop at Linden House with pleasure. While waiting for their arrival, Wainewright remained in his house, poring over the books in his choice library, but the works which he studied the most were four ancient tomes dealing with the poisons of the Middle Ages. These were richly-bound, and said to be very valuable. Anyhow, Thomas mastered every line in them, and had often been heard to declare that he would not part with them for anything

The day came when the Abercrombies arrived. Helen was a charming girl, pretty, innocent, and clever, and Wainewright was at once attracted to her, while, at the same time, she fell an easy prey to the fascination which he exercised over all the daughters of Eve. He read poetry to her, taught her history, painted for her, and at last painted her portrait for himself. The latter painting is still in existence, but permission to copy it is refused. While he was doing this his brain was at work on his great scheme.

Chatting casually one day, he told Mrs. Abercrombie of a fabulous fortune which would eventually become the property of her family, and, with very little persuasion, the poor old lady believed the whole story.

Then he told Helen that she ought to insure her life, so that if she were to die before her younger sister, and before the money fell due, proper provision could be made for them all. Woman-like, Helen had no idea of the necessity for business of any kind, but she had full confidence in the wisdom of her half-sister's husband, and eventually consented that he should take out a policy on her life. This he promptly did, with the Palladium Insurance Company, for £2,000, and for £3,000, with the Eagle Company. In all, this was only £5,000, a sum far too small for his purposes; so he proposed that they should both be increased; but Mrs. Abercrombie, who had her misgivings as to the wisdom of being over-insured, suggested that enough money was already staked on her daughter's life. Wainewright bit his lips for a moment, and then, smiling, said that doubtless the good lady knew best.

Curiously enough Mrs. Abercrombie was taken ill a few days later, her symptoms being exactly the same as those of Mr. Griffiths, and died quite suddenly. Doctors, of course, attended, but no suspicion was aroused, and death was registered as being due to apoplexy. That house seems to have been fatal to persons addicted to apoplectic fits. The sudden death of Mrs. Abercrombie was certainly an argument why Helen should make certain of leaving sufficient provision behind her to secure a competency for her sister, and Wainewright pressed this on her till the girl agreed to be insured for whatever her adviser could obtain on her behalf. With a little trouble the scholar managed to effect insurances on his half-sister's life up to the amount of £13,000. There he had to stop, because the premiums would be far too heavy for him to meet with comfort. The year had by now run on, and the month of December was nearly half over, while Wainewright saw a large number of acceptances, due on the last day of that month, and to meet which he had absolutely no funds, staring him in the face.

IT WAS TIME FOR THE GIRL TO TAKE HER MEDICINE.

However, it would never do for the girls to be worried with his business troubles, so he suggested that they might like to run up to town and spend the Christmas season amidst the gaieties of the metropolis. To this, child-like, they readily consented, and their kind friend took them all to lodgings in Conduit Street. That evening—December 19th—they all went out, and on the following day Helen was seized with terrible pains in the head, which prevented her enjoying herself at all that day. Towards the evening she got a little better, and on the morrow she was very nearly well. She re-

mained indoors, however, and rested. After dinner she was seized with another attack, and really became seriously ill, so much so that one of the servants who had come from Chiswick with her sent for a doctor, who soon arrived and prescribed for a case of acute hysteria.

The old Abigail, however, was not to be silenced. "That's exactly how her mother and Mr. Griffiths were seized," she said. "They never got any better, and Miss Helen will die."

The doctor paid little attention to this at the time, for he knew how old women will talk, and think that they know a good deal better than those who have made a life study of disease, so he prescribed and went on his way. That being done, Wainewright took Madeleine off to the theatre, first saying good night to Helen, and kissing her. Before he went, however, he remarked that it was time for the girl to take her medicine, which he brought to her. She laughingly swallowed it, said good night, and the couple departed. A few minutes later poor Helen was again convulsed, and the paroxysms were so severe that the old servant immediately sent for the doctor again. He came, did all that was in his power, but his patient had died before the brother and sister returned from the sham tragedy which they had been witnessing, one of them oblivious of the real tragedy which was being enacted at her lodgings.

Then the doctor recalled the words of the nurse, and demanded that he should be permitted to perform a post-mortem examination prior to giving the requisite certificate of death. To this Wainewright readily consented, and even suggested that an inquest should be held if the doctor thus thought fit. By this means the doctor's suspicions were allayed, and he made the necessary examination, but probably rather cursorily. At any rate, medical knowledge in those days was not sufficiently exact for him to say whether the girl had been poisoned or not, so he put the death down to effusion of blood on the brain, said that an inquest was not necessary, pocketed his fee, and departed.

No sooner had the beautiful young girl been laid in the tomb than Wainewright applied to the insurance companies for the money due on her death. The companies made a few inquiries, and then refused to pay at all, on the grounds that they had been deceived as to the financial status of the insured when the policies were taken out.

A proposal from Wainewright to insure Madeleine Abercrombie was also indignantly rejected. Thus the end of December came, and the bills were all falling due, while there was not a cent in the bank to meet them with. At the same time the trustees of the money which had been left him under his grandfather's will were beginning to make inquiries with regard to the amount actually standing to their credit in the "Three per Cents." This determined Wainewright to flee the country, so he at once raised a thousand pounds on the dishonoured policies on Helen's life, and fled to France, leaving poor Madeleine to get along as best she could.

For the next five years Wainewright resided in France, fear of arrest on the charge of forging the signatures of his trustees preventing him from returning to his native land. During this time he was often in great straits, and there is every reason to believe that he had on more than one occasion to replenish his depleted coffers by obtaining insurances on his acquaintances, and then waiting for them to die mysteriously. Looked at in the light of the sudden deaths in England, one is inclined to believe that one or two of the fugitive's hosts paid for their hospitality with their lives.

While he was abroad, the gentleman from whom he had borrowed the £1,000 on the security of the policies on Helen Abercrombie, sued the companies for the money, and after a long and wearisome case, was defeated, and found that he lost his money entirely.

As the years went on, Wainewright got deeper and deeper into debt, and at last was arrested by the French police on the charge of wandering about under assumed names, and also was detained by his creditors. When searched at the police station, a ring containing a quantity of powdered nux vomica, the bean from which strychnine is made, was found on him, but the French authorities do not seem to have thought anything of this. He was kept in gaol for six months and then released.

After this little episode our hero went to Calais, where he lived with a married woman. In course of time he owed her money, and one day she died a sudden death, resembling in its main features the deaths of Griffiths, Mrs. Abercrombie, and Helen. Suspicion was rife in the seaport town, and Wainewright thought it advisable to return to England rather than undergo any examination in France. So in June, 1837, he made his way back to London, disguised, and managed to get rooms in one of the hotels round Covent Garden without being suspected.

He made a point of only leaving his retreat after dark, and had he continued to do so he would never have been caught. One day, however, he heard a noise outside his hiding place, and, from the sounds, judged that a fight was in progress. Always fond of a fight, he pulled up the blind of his room and looked out.

Watching the fight from the opposite side of the road was one of the Bow Street detectives. During a pause, this officer looked up, and immediately exclaimed to his companion, "There is Wainewright, the forger!" With that he dived into the hotel, and before Thomas had any idea that even his presence in England was suspected, he was arrested and taken off to prison.

Strong efforts were made by the Crown attorneys to indict him for the many murders which he had undoubtedly committed, but while they were positive that he was guilty of them, they could not obtain legal proof, so they had to be contented with indicting him for forgery. The trial at the Old Bailey did not take long, and Thomas Wainewright was sentenced to transportation for life.

So much was he detested that even when on the hulk none of his fellow-prisoners would speak to him, and he was completely sent to Coventry. Nevertheless, his pride bore him up, and he used to point out to visitors that while others were required to do menial labour he was never asked to sully his hands.

He lived at Hobart Town for a considerable period, and from time to time made a little money by painting, but later, when it was found what a curious attraction he had for young and foolish girls, he was prevented from following that form of employment. He was very fond of animals, and when he died in 1852, the only possessions which he left behind him were two black cats which had kept him company during many years of his exile.

Thus perished a man who might have made a great name either in letters or in art but for his extravagance, which led him to turn to crime.

A WITTY Irishman, seeing a mischievous boy busily employed in throwing stones at a gallows, called out lustily, "Go it, my little fellow! I warrant you'll come to your mark at last!"

A LEGAL luminary, in the capacity of churchwarden, made proposals at a parish meeting which an influential farmer objected to, and so effectually that the proposals were rejected. Highly enraged, the defeated one said to the farmer, "Sir, you may be a judge of a plough, but you know nothing of the subject in which you interfered. I think I ought to be well-informed on them. I have been at both the Universities and at two colleges in each." "Well, sir," replied the farmer, "and what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was that the more he sucked the greater calf he grew!"


NOW READY.

THE

*First Quarterly Volume*

OF

**Among the Principal Features contained in this Volume will be found:**

THE LIFE OF CHARLES PEACE.
THE MAYBRICK MYSTERY.
EUGENE ARAM.
BURKE AND HARE.
PRITCHARD, THE POISONER.
THE PITIFUL STORY OF MADAME LAFARGE.

**A Complete Account of all Poisons, and a Gruesome Series of Articles on Tortures.**

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED.

**PRICE ONE SHILLING.**

ORDER FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT.

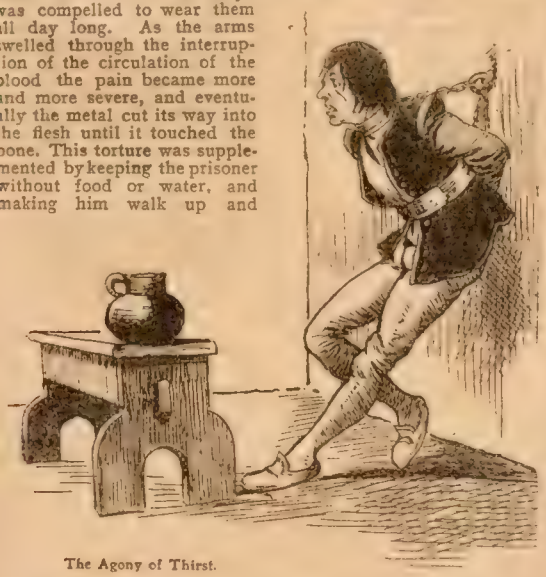
"Man is an apprentice; pain is his master; and none knows himself so long as he has not suffered."—A. DE MUSSET.

## CHAPTER XIII.

FROM time to time during the course of these articles we have referred to the horrible cruelties practised in Spain from remote ages down to the middle of last century. It has been stated within recent years that in Spanish prisons torture is still applied to the unhappy wretches who happen to break the law, and only a few years ago a Spanish officer made a really sensational statement. In effect he said that the Fortress of Montzuch was "no better than a den of the Inquisition. Anarchists, who were imprisoned there, underwent incredible physical tortures. The subterranean chambers of the fortress are dyed with blood." The official in question gave a long description of the methods which he alleged were then in vogue in Spanish prisons. As an illustration, he mentions that a theft of several sacks of rugs occurred at a railway depôt at Barcelona, and the police arrested a railwayman, and as he would not at once confess that he had committed the robbery, they proceeded to flog him until he was half-dead. Then, as he still refused to admit his guilt, they smashed one of his fingers with a machine (probably a variation of the thumbscrew already described in these articles). The poor wretch fainted, and when he recovered consciousness he again absolutely refused to confess. Despite threats of further punishment, he steadfastly stuck to this attitude, and was then released. It is alleged that instruments of torture were then in regular use in Spanish prisons.

Hand Manacles.

One of these contrivances is described as brass hand-manacles. These are chains filed very fine, which are bound round the wrist so that they cut into the flesh. The prisoner was compelled to wear them all day long. As the arms swelled through the interruption of the circulation of the blood the pain became more and more severe, and eventually the metal cut its way into the flesh until it touched the bone. This torture was supplemented by keeping the prisoner without food or water, and making him walk up and down the prison-yard without a moment's rest. If he fell from fatigue he was asked, "Now will you confess your crime?" And if he refused, the reply came, "Well, we will soon make you change your mind?"



The Agony of Thirst.

The raw hide and steel whips are then produced. Both these weapons are about four feet long, the latter being made of steel chain, the links of which are filed until their edges are as sharp as razors. The officer relates that he saw a whip of this description in the State prison at Barcelona, and it was then red with fresh blood. It literally cut strips of flesh from the body of the victim, who, after being flogged, was driven round and round the prison yard until he nearly died from fatigue and pain. Water was denied him, but food he could have in plenty—that is, food of a kind—for everything that was given him was saturated with salt, so that his natural thirst should be intensified a thousandfold. A request for water was met with the question, "Will you confess?" and the unfortunate wretch had to admit his guilt or else nearly die of thirst. This is a survival of one of the very ancient forms of torture. It was the custom in some of the Bavarian cities to fasten a prisoner up to the wall of his cell, and place on a stool, just an inch or so out of his reach, a jug of refreshingly cool water. For the first few hours of his confinement the alleged criminal looked upon the jug of water with some amusement; but, sooner or later, when it dawned upon him that he was becoming very thirsty, he realised to the full the ingeniously cruel punishment he was doomed to undergo. He would stretch forward to the full extent of his chain—his arms, by the way, were bound behind his back—and find that the water was just an inch or so too far away for him to reach. He would try to kick over the stool; but that also was beyond him, and there he would stay suffering the tortures of Tantalus. Now and again his gaoler would enter with a fresh bowl or jug of water, and, to further add to the agony of the prisoner, the official would carelessly empty the contents of the first jug on to the floor in the farthest corner of the cell. The poor fellow would fall asleep and dream of waterfalls and plashing fountains, of rippling streams, and inviting springs, and, just as he was about to slake his thirst, would awaken to the horrible reality. His cracked lips and black and swollen tongue brought no mercy from his gaolers. No confession, no water, was their constant parrot-like cry, and in the end the man had either to submit or die.

Spanish Toe-Nail Wedges.

Another ingenious and fiendishly-cruel Spanish torture is that in which the finger and toe-nails are treated with a wedge. A piece of steel, in the shape of a wedge, with the thin end very sharp, is placed between the flesh and the nail. This is in order to make the prisoner "sing," as the Spanish prison officials, with grim humour, render "confess." The warders are experts in the use of these dreadful little instruments. A few gentle little taps with a hammer, and the nail commences to tear away from the flesh, the victim suffering excrutiating agony. If he fainted, the "operator" waited until he recovered consciousness again before continuing his work.

Spanish Crushers.

Another terrible instrument is known as "The Crusher." It resembles a large nut-cracker, and consists of two pieces of wood, joined at one end by a hinge. It was used to crush those parts of a prisoner's body which are the most sensitive to pain.

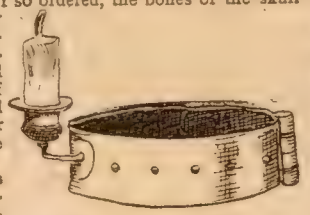
It is stated that at one time prisoners were forced to sit upon a brazier, in which a bright fire was burning. If he shrieked, as he was almost bound to do, a "gag" was quickly forced into his mouth, rendering him unable to utter a sound. The "gag" is a cylindrical piece of wood, twelve inches long and an inch and a-half thick, with a cross-piece, about four inches from one end. The shorter half was thrust into the mouth, until the end touched the top of the throat. A cord was fastened to the cross-piece, and bound firmly round the victim's neck. This in itself inflicted very severe pain, but when the "screw wrist pressers" were also applied simultaneously, the unhappy being prayed fervently for a speedy death. The last-named machine was well worthy of the Spanish reputation for hideous cruelty. Two broad bands of iron were applied to the

wrists of the prisoner, the gyves being joined together by a chain. Powerful screws were attached, and when these were turned, the cuffs narrowed until tremendous pressure was brought

Spanish Gag.

to bear upon the wrist, and eventually the bones were crushed to a pulp.

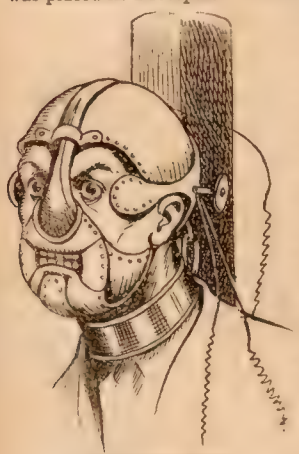
Much more elaborate and horrible in its effects was the head-crushing helmet. It was an intricate device of polished iron. At the back was a wooden bar, with which all its parts were connected. A screw in this bar regulated the size of the helmet and the pressure on the head of the wearer. One part of the machine fitted over the forehead and nose, and grasped the upper lip. When the screw was turned, it pulled in an upward direction, and dragged the gums and lips from the jaws. Another part caught hold of the under lip, and dragged downwards. Two side-pieces pressed on the temple, and so much force could be exerted that, if so ordered, the bones of the skull could be crushed in as easily as one would smash an egg-shell. As if this were not sufficient, the pain was increased by passing a current of electricity through the head at intervals, giving the wearer of the helmet some severe and unnerving shocks.



Crown worn at auto-da-fe.

Such an instrument is well worthy of the old iniquitous days when the Inquisition ruled Spain with an iron hand, and when no one was safe from terrible tortures which were daily practised in the name of the law and religion.

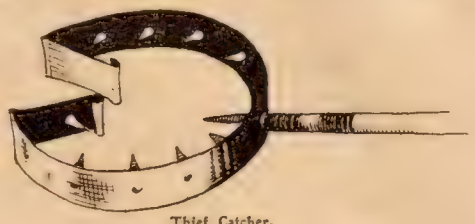
It was in those days when heretics were burned alive at the stake in scores that the iron crown, which is the subject of one of our illustrations, was in use. The crown is studded with iron knobs, and was worn by Christian martyrs on their way to the auto-da-fé. When it was placed upon the victim's head, if it did not fit, the executioner or his assistants had a rough-and-ready, but, as usual, exceedingly cruel way of making it fit. A few heavy blows with a hammer set the crown firmly on the person's head. As shown in the picture, a lighted candle was placed in a receptacle in the crown, the victim being forced to carry another taper in his or her hand.



Spanish Electric Helmet.

Nowadays a man can invent a religion of his own, and there is no one to say that he shall not. He can, if he thinks fit, proclaim that he is the Messiah—there was a case, it will be remembered, some months ago—and he will not even be treated as a harmless lunatic. He will even receive police protection, and will be allowed to preach his creed as often as he pleases. In the old days it was very different. You had to profess what the authorities wished you to, or else suffer at the stake. It is an astounding contrast.

In those days a criminal was treated with all the brutality that man could devise. The thief-catcher, here shown, tells us how sneak-thieves, cut-purses, etc., were dealt with. At the end of a long pole was a kind of spring, which, when pushed against a neck or leg or arm, opened, and then closed upon the flesh with a grip which there was no getting away from. If the prisoner walked too slowly, his captor pushed the pole, and the spikes on the inside penetrated his flesh and set him walking as fast as was required of him. If he went too fast, the constable gave the "catcher" a backward jerk, the effect of which would also be to drive the spikes into his victim's body. In these days of mercy, if a policeman arrests the most brutal murderer, he must convey him to the lock-up as tenderly as



Thief Catcher.

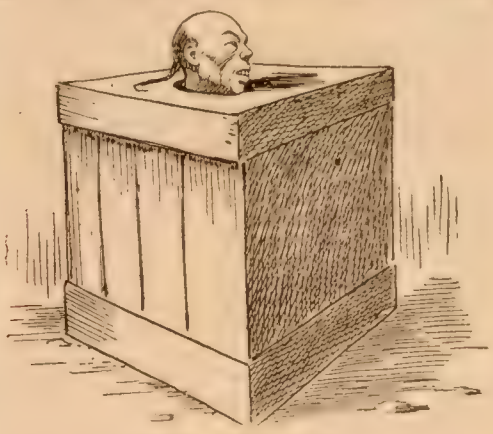
possible. If not, he is hauled over the coals by the magistrate and his superiors. If a policeman is set upon by a Hooligan, he must not draw his truncheon until he is half-killed, for fear he will be dismissed the Force for his "brutality," whilst a man who "lays out" a policeman nowadays is confined for a few weeks in a comfortable gaol, being well-fed all the time, instead of, as would have been the case in the olden times, being flogged until life was no longer bearable.

Now, in China, if a man resists the law, he is very hardly dealt with. He is punished by being confined in a cruel set of irons, something like the "bilboes," a torture which was in use in British convict hulks in the first half of the last century. The irons consist of a bar, set neck high from the ground, along which a number of iron collars are fixed. In a straight line below is another bar, with manacles for the ankles, and refractory prisoners are placed in these until they are reduced to a state of subjection. In the days of the hulks, a few hours of this confinement secured its purpose; but, in China, the violent prisoner is held in the "bilboes" for days at a time. Their hands are manacled behind them, and after a few hours it is impossible for them to move a muscle without intense pain. If their knees give way, their weight is thrown upon the iron collar, and they are nearly strangled, whilst, as they are out in the open, without any protection from the blazing sun, they are often driven insane. If this happens, the prisoner is left in the "bilboes" until he dies. Another, and perhaps one of the most terrible of Chinese tortures, is also reserved for the violent criminal. It consists of imprisonment in a cage with fifty or more other malefactors at the bottom of a loathsome pit, without light or care. Execution, it is said, by those who have seen the result of this imprisonment, is a thousand times preferable to the lingering torture and anguish which has to be endured. Each criminal so caged is first flogged with a wire rope till his body, lacerated and bleeding, is a mass of raw flesh. A great wooden collar is then fastened round his neck, and, with his wounds unattended to, he is thrust into the cage, verminous and foul, in which already are close on half a hundred men in a truly awful plight. Here he lingers, festers, and rots, till death releases him from his sufferings. The wretched man can neither sleep nor can he feed himself. Verminous blood-suckers crowd upon his body and face, but his hands are bound to his feet, and he cannot free himself of the pests. Friends may throw some food into the pit on the off-chance that it will fall into the cage; but, except for this, he gets nothing to eat, and is only too glad when death delivers him from what is known throughout China as Ty-yo, or Hell.

The Bilboes.

Another terrible Chinese torture is the hot-water snake. Around the body and arms of the unfortunate victim are coiled snakes made of brass tubes. These fit tightly, and at the appointed time boiling water is poured down the mouths of the

snakes. The torture endured by the victim is excruciating. But far worse was the punishment in which a kind of wire shirt is used. The "garment" consists of a piece of iron-netting,



Chinese Box or Cage.

which is bound so tightly round the body that the victim's flesh protrudes through the meshes. The sufferer is then flayed with a sharp knife, and it is on record that after this fiendish punishment has been concluded salt has been rubbed into the wounds.

English criminals are doubtless glad that they do not live in China, and that the days of torture in civilized countries are long since dead. One is sometimes tempted, when reading the

The Hot-Water Snakes.

particulars of an especially diabolical crime, to wish that some of the old-time punishments could be revived. Edwards, the brutal murderer of the Darby family; Klosowski, who slowly poisoned at least three women; Walters and Sachs, the inhuman baby-farmers, who slaughtered innocents wholesale, died merciful deaths on the gallows. We could have fitted punishments to the crimes. Some of our readers also had their ideas on the subject; but perhaps, after all, it is better as it is.

# The Campden Mystery.

*How three persons were hanged for the murder of a man who afterwards turned up alive and well*

"Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry 'content' to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions."
—"Henry VI." Part III., Act III., Scene 2.

AT the foot of the Cotswold Hills lies the little town of Chipping Campden, a quaint old place, with one straggling street of low-gabled houses, and an ancient market house. Two hundred and forty years ago this quiet place was the scene of a tragedy which is still remembered as "The Campden Wonder."

During the great Civil War, the magnificent country seat of Campden House, built in 1612 by the wealthy London Alderman, Sir Baptist Hicks, first Viscount Campden, had been burnt by his descendant, Baptist Lord Noel, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Parliamentary troops. One wing of the ruined mansion was, however, still habitable in 1660, and there the Dowager Lady Campden resided. Her steward and manager was William Harrison, an old man of seventy years, who for half a century had been a faithful servant of the family.

On Thursday, August 16, 1660, William Harrison walked to Charringworth, about two miles distant, to collect his lady's rents. Mr. Harrison was a man of very methodical habits, he never stayed out late, and when he said he would be home at a certain hour he was never known to exceed the time. But on this occasion the time he had named for his return passed. Three or four hours elapsed, and his wife, fearing some accident had befallen him, sent his trusty servant, John Perry, in search of him. But though the anxious wife kept watch all night, neither master nor man returned.

Early in the morning, Edward Harrison, the steward's son, started off for Charringworth to make inquiries about his father. He had not gone far before he met John Perry, who informed him that he had been to Charringworth, but that his master was not there. So the two of them went to Ebrington, a village between Campden and Charringworth, to ascertain if anyone at that place knew anything of the object of their search. They ascertained that Mr. Harrison had been in the village the previous evening, and had called at the house of one of his lady's tenants named Daniel, but after remaining only a short time, had left for home. Young Harrison and Perry next visited Paxford, about half a mile farther on, but no one there had seen Mr. William Harrison, so they retraced their steps, and on the way back learned that a hatband and comb had been picked up by a woman that morning on the high road between Ebrington and Charringworth. She produced the articles, which were at once recognised as belonging to the missing steward, and pointed out the spot where she had found them—a lonely place close to a great furze brake. As the hatband and comb were found to be cut, and stained with blood, young Harrison and Perry feared there had been foul play, and with some neighbours searched the furze brake, in the dreadful expectation of their finding the body of the murdered man. But they discovered no further trace of William Harrison, dead or living, although the whole population of Campden, on hearing the rumour of the steward's murder, searched the neighbourhood in every direction.

Mrs. Harrison, after twenty-four hours of suspense, gave up all hope of seeing her husband again alive, and being con-

vinced that he had been murdered, her suspicions fell upon John Perry, who had given no satisfactory explanation of his movements on the night on which he had been sent out to look for his master. She communicated her suspicions to the nearest Justice of the Peace, with the result that the next day John Perry was arrested, and brought before his worship.

When asked to explain why he had stayed out all night, instead of returning to his mistress, who, as he well knew, was anxiously awaiting him, Perry told the following story:

In obedience to his mistress's orders, he set out to look for Mr. Harrison, and on the way he met an acquaintance, William Reed, to whom he made known his errand, and further told him that as it was growing dark he was afraid to go forward, and would, therefore, return and fetch his young master's horse. Reed accompanied him to Mr. Harrison's house, where they parted. Perry remained outside till another acquaintance named Pearce came by. This man Perry accompanied about a bowshot into the fields, and then returned with him to his master's gate, where they also parted. After this, Perry declared that he "went into his master's henroost, where he lay about an hour, but slept not, and, when

Arrested and brought before His Worship.

the clock struck twelve, rose and went towards Charringworth till, a great mist arising, he lost his way, and so lay under a hedge for the rest of the night, and at daybreak on Friday morning went to Charringworth, where he inquired for his master of one Edward Plaisterer, who told him that Master Harrison had been with him the afternoon before, and had received of him £22, but stayed not long with him. He (Perry) then went to William Curtis, of the same town, who told him that he heard Master Harrison was at his house, but did not see him. After which he (Perry) returned homeward, it being about five o'clock in the morning, when on the way he met his master's son, with whom he went to Ebrington.

This, it must be admitted, was a queer and not very satisfactory story; but it was confirmed in its main points by Reed, Pearce, Plaisterer, and Curtis, all of whom deposed that they had seen and conversed with Perry under the circumstances he had described. For every question put to him Perry had a plausible answer. Nevertheless, it was not thought fit to discharge him without further inquiry, and, "being pressed by some to confess all he knew," he told three different stories respecting the fate of his master. First he said that a tinker had murdered him; secondly, that a gentleman's servant had robbed and murdered him; thirdly, that he had been murdered and hid in a bean rick near Campden. The rick was searched, but nothing was found to corroborate Perry's story. The man was obviously lying, and the suspicions against him deepened.

After Perry had been in custody a week, he gave out that if he were again brought before the justice he "would discover that to him which he would discover to nobody else." So he was once more brought before his worship, when he unfolded a tale which made the blood of all who heard it curdle with horror. In reply to the question from the Bench as to whether he knew what had become of his master, Perry replied that he was murdered, but not by him. "But," said the justice, "if you know him to be murdered, you know by whom." Perry admitted that he knew, and being urged to confess, made the following amazing statement.

His own mother, and his brother Richard, he said, were the murderers of Mr. Harrison. Ever since he went to that gentleman's service they had been urging him to join them in robbing his master, working upon his feelings by pointing out how poor they were, and how easy it would be to make themselves comfortable by robbing Mr. Harrison, if John would only let them know when his master set out to collect his lady's rents. At last John yielded, gave them the necessary information, and all three of them lay in wait for the unfortunate steward as he returned from collecting rents on the 16th of August.

Amid breathless silence, John Perry went on to relate how he watched his master enter a field through which a private path led to his house; how he (John Perry) thereupon went to his brother and said, "if he followed him he might have his money, and he (John) would in the meantime walk a turn in the fields." John's curiosity, however, led him presently to follow his brother, and in the middle of the field he came upon his master lying upon the ground, with Richard Perry upon him, and his mother standing by. Mr. Harrison was not dead, for he exclaimed, "Ah, rogues, will you kill me?" John implored Richard not to kill his master, but the only reply he received was, "Peace; you are a fool!" and then Richard finished the deed by strangling his victim. The murderer then took a bag of money out of the dead man's pocket, and gave it to his mother. John and Richard thereupon carried the body into the garden adjoining, and consulted what they should do with it, and at last agreed to "throw it into the great sink by Wallington's Mill, behind the garden." John Perry himself placed the hatband and comb in the highway, that it might be thought that his master had been robbed and murdered there.

Joan Perry and her son Richard were immediately arrested and brought before the justice. But they stoutly maintained their innocence, and called John a villain for wrongfully accusing innocent persons. John, however, solemnly swore that he had spoken nothing but the truth, so Joan Perry and her two sons were committed for trial on the charge of murdering William Harrison. All attempts, however, to discover the body of the murdered man were fruitless. The great sink by Wallington's Mill was probed and searched, but nothing was found. The hatband and comb were the only evidences of the crime beyond John Perry's circumstantial confession.

At the next Spring Assizes, the prisoners were placed on their trial before Sir Robert Hyde, and all three pleaded "Not guilty." At first the judge was doubtful whether they could legally be arraigned for murder, if the body of the murdered man had not been found, and no inquest held upon it. The law, however, did not absolutely require the production of the body in those days if there were substantial evidence of the crime without it. It was held that John Perry's confession rendered further evidence unnecessary, as a man could have no motive in consigning himself to the gallows unless he were prompted by remorse. But John Perry now declared that his confession was false, and that he must have been mad when he made it. But then it was proved that he had, over and over again, up to within a day or two of the trial, affirmed that his confession was true in every particular, consequently his denial of its truth at the last moment went for nothing with the jury, who found all the prisoners guilty, and the judge sentenced them to death.

Young Edward Harrison was so incensed with the murderers of his father, and with the cruel character of the crime, that he induced Lady Campden to use her influence to have the prisoners brought from the county gaol, twenty miles away, and hanged on Broadway Hill, within sight of the town of Chipping Campden. All the country people for miles round thronged to see the execution. Joan Perry was reputed a witch, and it was thought that she had so bewitched her sons that they could not confess while she was alive. She was, therefore, hanged first, piteously protesting her innocence, and it was thought that then her sons might make full confession. But Richard, as he stood upon the fatal ladder,

continued to assert that he was wholly innocent, and that he knew nothing of Master Harrison's death, or what had become of him. He appealed to his brother John, who stood pinioned below, now, at the last moment, to declare, for the satisfaction of the whole world and his own conscience, the innocence of his mother and brother. But John, with a dogged and surly carriage, said that he was not obliged to confess to anyone. So he held his peace, and looked calmly on as the hangman put his brother to death.

But when his own turn came, John Perry raised his voice and solemnly declared that he knew nothing of his master's murder, nor what had become of him, but that hereafter they might perhaps learn the truth. With that assertion of innocence on his lips John Perry died, and at the request of Edward Harrison his body was hung in chains on a gibbet erected on Broadway Hill.

* * * * * *

Two years passed away. The murder of William Harrison, though not forgotten, had ceased to be a topic of conversation, when, to the amazement of everybody, the murdered man suddenly turned up alive, walked into his own house, and almost terrified his wife and servants out of their wits, for they naturally thought that it was a ghost they saw. It was, however, the real William Harrison in the flesh, and crowds of people thronged to see the man who had thus come back from the dead after three people had been hanged for murdering him.

The story which William Harrison told concerning his very mysterious disappearance was rather more extraordinary than even John Perry's confession. On the memorable 16th of August, as he was returning home by a short cut through the Ebrington furze brake, he was confronted by a man on horseback, who seemed determined to ride over him, so he (Mr. Harrison) struck the horse on the nose, whereupon the rider drew his sword and cut at him. Mr. Harrison fought to the best of his ability with his stick, till a second man came up and wounded him in the thigh. Then a third appeared, and the steward was knocked down, bound, robbed, and afterwards thrown into a stone pit, from which they afterwards took him, filled his pockets with money, and carried him to a lonely house on the heath, where he was nursed, and ultimately taken to Deal, where he was put on board a ship. This ship was ultimately captured by two Turkish war vessels, and William Harrison was sold for a slave in Turkey. On the death of his master, he contrived to escape, and after many hardships and perils met an Englishman in Lisbon, who paid his passage to London.

Such was William Harrison's story, which some folks refused to believe. But the steward had always hitherto been a God-fearing and truthful man, and no other reason for his absence was ever suggested.

But the one great fact was that William Harrison had not been murdered, and therefore the three Perrys were absolutely innocent of the crime for which they suffered. What motive, then, could John Perry have had in making the confession which brought himself, mother, and brother to the gallows? We can only suppose that he was a victim of that form of mental disease which often induces the sufferer to accuse himself of imaginary crimes. Such cases frequently occur when a startling murder has been committed, and people give themselves up as perpetrators of crimes in which they could not possibly have been concerned. John Perry must have been a maniac of this type; at any rate, can any reader offer a better solution of the Campden Mystery?

DREW HIS SWORD AND CUT AT HIM.

### Crime and the Thermometer.

OBSERVERS of criminal statistics will tell you that the temperature of the air has a very marked effect on crime. The late Chaplain of Wandsworth Prison compiled a table, showing the temperature on the days when the offences of those who came under his charge were committed, and he has found that the hotter the day the greater the offences against the person.

### Money for Broken Hearts.

THE highest damages granted for breach of promise of marriage in this country was £10,000, the sum awarded to Miss Theresa Knowles, in 1890, and to Miss Fortescue, in 1884. America has ordered a recalcitrant lover to salve his quondam fiancée's wounded feelings with a plaster of £9,000. But though these are the greatest amounts actually ordered to be paid by juries, it remained to private generosity to pay the largest amount of compensation to a rejected sweetheart. This was done by Lord John Campbell, who gave Miss Logan, to whom he had been engaged, £10,000 on obtaining his release, and presented her with a second similar sum when he succeeded to the title of Duke of Argyll in 1839.

# THOMAS . . GRAY

*Overcome by Jealousy he slew his Sweetheart.*

Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster.
SHAKESPEARE, "Othello."

THERE are many varieties of jealousy.

The green-eyed monster takes unto himself different shapes. At times he is harmless—indeed, useful—but on occasions he is a creature of the deadliest nature, disbursing venom, hate, and, at times, even crime.

The green-eyed monster occasionally appears in a mean disguise, when he invades the territories of Puck and the good fairies, and filches from them their special offices of aerial beneficence.

In this humour he will hover around the discontented mortals who have become sadly entangled in the marriage-knot.

He is the spur that goads the flagging affections of the wife-weary husband into a renewal of their former ardour. With his genial pin-pricks he achieves the reconciliation between husband and wife, and, having accomplished this much-to-be-desired end, he flits away to adventures of deadlier import.

Having paid the monster this tribute, we must confess that, as a general rule, his presence is to be feared, shunned, and avoided. Although occasionally benevolent, he is more often the hideous source of enmity, the arbitrary banisher of the spirit's tranquillity, the germ of that insidious disease—morbid self-pity—the grinning imp that nerves the brute in the soul of man into dire and destructive action.

The drama we are about to chronicle treats of two men and a girl, and the green-eyed monster is ever omnipresent, presiding over this riot of conflicting emotions, at once the chorus, the arch-plotter, and the destroyer of this history of love, jealousy, and crime.

Thomas Gray was a young man of humble parentage, who lived in Car Colston, Nottinghamshire. As a child he was of a sullen and reserved disposition, with few acquaintances, and no friends except his natural guardians. As a youth he developed a very fine physique, and preserved and accentuated his former characteristics. Most of the young people in Car Colston avoided his company, for he was witless and devoid of any of the graces and accomplishments that make a man's society much sought after. He was a man of immense physical strength, stout of limb, and with the fist of a giant. His face, which was hard and square, lacked sensibility, the eyes were dull, and lacked lustre, the mouth loose-lipped and brutal, the nose wide in the nostril, and the forehead low and unintelligent. No very promising personage, you think, out of which to mould the central figure of a tragedy. You mistake.

At present we have but shown you the furnace without the fire; wait until the spark is applied, and there shall be a fine explosion.

This man is now but a strong, insensible brute, but once we have fired his emotions his body shall become a veritable temple for uncompromising hate and wild, passionate, self-consuming love. His passions shall be cast in elemental moulds, and shall in their violence, their strength, and their ruthlessness be moulded in the likeness of the great archtypes of primary human emotions and desires.

Thomas Gray will be no puling, custom-ridden, modern lover, and we shall never behold him dabbling in sensations lit by the sad half-lights of neutral affections; he shall be, if you will, gross, animal, and material, but for all that, in all his action, his desires, and his sins there shall be the strength of the giant, the uncompromising, unquestioning, all-sacrificing spirit of the simple man, the great, wilful child by nature, as the earth knew him before culture beset him and civilisation bound him with her silken manacles.

For some considerable time Gray continued in that state of dull and unemotional manhood in which we found him. He slept, ate, and laboured, and no adventure disturbed the level monotony of his ways. He was generally disliked, because of his unsociable disposition, and was the butt of his fellow-workers' chaff and mockery.

The satirical sallies of his companions wounded Gray about as much as the tread of a fly will wound an elephant. The laughter and the jeers fell upon his uncomprehending nature but lightly. He knew they were making fun of him, but he never saw the humour of their jests, and never troubled to look for the thing hidden—malice. He was insensible to all verbal taunts.

However, one day, his companions tired of firing off the quips and the carefully-prepared jokes that never by accident hit the mark, and determined to torture their thick-skinned comrade in a more practical fashion. Three of them deliberately picked a quarrel with him, and at last succeeded in extorting from him the confession that he thought they were all liars.

The tallest of the three conspirators, a loose-limbed, hulking fellow, walked up to Gray, and struck him a shrewd blow between the eyes.

For a minute he stood dazed, and wondering what had happened. Then, slow of comprehension as he was, it gradually dawned upon his waking senses that someone had struck him in the face, that his head pained him, and that a little stream of blood was trickling down his cheek.

He shook himself, like a dog that has received a ducking, clenched his tremendous fists, and ran at his assailant.

What followed?

Dust, cries, oaths, the scuffling of heavy feet, the snorting of thick, short breath, and the sound of terrible blows.

It was all over in less time than it takes to describe.

A crowd of frightened youths pulled Gray from his victim. He was panting for breath, and it was noticed that the knuckles of both his hands were cut.

The bleeding and unconscious form of his assailant was carried away.

It took this young man some time to mend his broken jaw.

"I downed him!" said Gray with a laugh, and wiped the blood out of his eyes.

He was never afterwards molested by word or deed, for broken bones are a large price to pay for the satisfaction of a joke, however good that joke may be.

If Gray had been disliked by his companions before, he was now hated; if his company had been shunned and avoided, he was now literally boycotted from all society in Car Colston.

And so he went on his way, a solitary, unthinking, and uninteresting young man.

Was he happy?

Well, that is hardly an applicable term to be used in connection with a nature so inert and so insensitive. The transports of bliss he certainly did not experience; neither did he keep company with sorrow, for at present he was incapable of poignant emotions.

He existed in a dull, even manner, laboured, ate when he was hungry, and slept when he was weary. He did not hate, he did not think, and he did not love.

Now, in Car Colston, there lived a young girl of the name of Ann Mellors, who resided with her mother in a small house, fronted by a provision shop.

Miss Mellors was undeniably pretty; she had a lithe, well-proportioned figure, bright eyes, red lips, and a demure smile.

She was very interested in philanthropic pursuits, went to church regularly, and, above all, had an open and affectionate heart.

She had a feminine and contrary disposition, was always ready to espouse lost causes, and take up the cudgels in defence of anyone who was generally unpopular.

She was never so happy as when engaged on works of charity, and she was constantly experiencing great spiritual satisfaction from acts of benevolence and mercy.

This is commendable; but persons of such sympathetic dispositions should certainly examine the object of their solicitude, and sometimes, to some extent, the characters of those who provoke their pity and commiseration.

It was not so with Ann.

She trusted all, believed in all, and doubted no one.

It is not surprising that she should have come to regard Gray as an ill-used and spited personage, and that she should have determined to hold out to him the hand of friendship. Poor girl! if she could but have known that in so acting she was compassing her own undoing! But knowledge invariably comes to us when it is too late to profit by its teaching.

Ann, then, argued that Gray was ill-used by the community, and was a person worthy of commiseration. She determined to reclaim him from the neglect of his fellows,

and from the solitary, and therefore, she argued, miserable tenor of his ways.

She very soon started to set her laudable plan into execution.

One day when Gray was passing by the door of her mother's house, Ann came out, all smiles and graciousness, and greeted him.

"How do you do, Mr. Gray?" said she.

"I'm well, thank you."

It was not often that Gray had his health inquired after, and he was not prepared with a reply courteous. He did not look at his interlocutor, and was going on his way, when she said:

"Are you in such a great hurry?"

"Hurry! no, can't say that I am."

"Then won't you stay and talk awhile?"

Ann looked up into his face with her smiling eyes.

Gray began to comprehend that this was a novel experience. A young lady was requesting his conversation!

Well, he had always heard that women were strange creatures of whim and fancy, and he supposed that Miss Mellor was gratifying a whim at the present moment.

He shuffled awkwardly with his feet, and looked down.

"We don't see much of you hereabouts," said Ann, determined to force the conversation.

"I never knew as you wanted to," replied Gray.

"Oh, but we do want to—at least, I do."

"Do you? That's strange, now."

"Is it? I don't see why you should think so."

Gray actually blushed.

He made haste to say good-bye, and departed, feeling strangely perturbed in spirit.

The next day Ann stopped him again, and the next, and the next after that. Indeed, their meetings became so frequent that they grew to be a matter of public comment.

Ann felt well pleased with the success of her enterprise. She was "taking the poor fellow out of himself," she argued, and brightening the greyness of his sad-coloured life.

Gray, on his part, could not understand the new element of joy that was gladdening his days, and he could not understand nor analyse his feelings towards Miss Mellor.

Why did he always look forward to seeing her?

Why was it that the mere sight of her gave him such pleasure?

How was it that he was always discovering himself thinking of her, and what she said when they last met, what she would say when they saw each other again?

All this was, of course, very elementary, but it constituted the first cloud of doubt and thought that had ever been seen darkening Gray's formerly blank horizon, and it presaged the great storm of love and passion that was about to burst upon his soul.

At first he resented the constant presence of Ann in his thoughts, struggled and fought against it, but the young girl's image refused to be expelled.

All this time Ann was sublimely unconscious of the effect her beauty was exercising over the spirit of her protégé. She continued blithely on her self-imposed task of reclaiming Gray from an inert solitude, and he continued in his turn to become more and more enmeshed in the net of love that was at present little more than sexual attraction. The green-eyed monster brought this comedy to a climax now, and, with a deft turn of his arbitrary wand, transformed it into the tragedy that we are about to relate.

One evening, when twilight hung over the land's star-embroidered curtains of grey gloom, Thomas was leaning over a hedge that divided a meadow from a small stretch of woodland, musing on Ann and the delight of her companionship, when he was startled by the sound of voices.

He heard the crackling of fallen leaves underneath approaching footsteps. The voices were those of a man and a woman, mingled in lovers' talk. The voice of the man was familiar, but that of the woman was drowned in its companion's deeper tones.

"Hallo!" said Gray to himself, "Mr. Schoolmaster out a-courting, is he, and he so pious, too."

He chuckled to himself, and bent down low behind the hedge safe from observation. He had recognised the man's voice as belonging to John Hol, a neighbouring schoolmaster, and a person of religious repute.

Hol and his companion came closer. The companion was Ann.

They walked with arms intertwined, and they spoke in low, fervent accents, impossible for Gray to hear, but now and again Ann would burst out into a peal of merriment, and then their words would be only too distinct.

"And do you really love me so much as all that?" cried the girl, with a burst of light laughter.

"Can you doubt it?"

"No; but do you?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I do!—I do!"

"Silly boy!" cried Ann, and flung her arms around her lover's neck.

The old sad-faced moon that has looked down upon so many millions of lovers, long ago dead and forgotten, with their warm hearts for ever cold, peeped from behind the clouds, and shed her pale silver lustre upon these lovers as they kissed and kissed again beneath her benignant rays.

The green-eyed monster seized Gray by the throat and forced him to gaze upon the scene of youth in Cupid's garden.

The lovers passed on.

Gray flung himself to the ground and tore up the grass around him in great handfuls.

Jealousy now claimed him for his very own, opened unto his agonised gaze the storehouse of his soul, and bade him

The sound of terrible blows.

look long and searchingly into the secrets of a tortured heart.

Gray looked and looked into the depths of his own being, and found nothing but great, hopeless, and despairing love.

"I love—I love her!" he moaned, "and she can never be mine."

"I saw her kiss him," he continued, in his wild rhapsody of unfettered jealousy, and groaned aloud at the agonising thought, and all its import.

From this moment Gray was an altered man. The kiss of ignorance was no longer his, and for the first time in his life he was profoundly miserable in the knowledge of his heart's passion, and the hopelessness of his all-consuming love.

He saw himself now as he really was, an undignified, uncouth, ungracious man, and the last in the world to prove a successful lover.

He was dissatisfied with himself.

Why had he never had the advantages of other men? Why had Fate conspired to make him what he was, and burdened him with this all-mastering affection for Ann?

Then the green-eyed monster began to whisper reassuring words into his ear.

Did he remember how he had "downed" his fellow-workman some years ago? Why should he not "down" this sanctimonious schoolmaster? He had strength, force, will, indomitable perseverance in a cause near to his heart, and

why should he not conquer Ann after all, despite his social deficiencies, despite everything, conquer and make her his own for ever? The possibility was an entrancing one, and Gray, intoxicated with the picture his imagination painted, swore that he would strive to accomplish his object; that he would never rest until Miss Mellor was his, until he had "downed" Hol, and made Ann, the greatly desired, his wife.

The next day he went and saw the girl.

She came to meet him as lively and gracious as ever.

His heart sank at her affability, for he was a wise man now, and knew that Ann's politeness spoke ill for his ultimate chances.

The first thing he did was to seize her hand. The girl was startled, but in a moment recollected what was due to her, and disengaged herself.

"Miss Mellor, I love you," said Gray, staring straight into her eyes. She did not speak, but regarded him with undisguised amazement.

"Yes, I love you. Oh, I can't tell you how much! Will you marry me?"

"I HAVE MURDERED YOUR DAUGHTER!"

"Mr. Gray, are you mad?"

"Ay, that's it—mad, mad as can be, and all for the love of you. Crazy if you like, but crazy with love. I can't speak or tell you in any way what I feel. I was never made a scholar. All I know is, I love you, I think of you—nothing else now—I dream of you, and oh, will you marry me?"

Ann was trembling. The rough, uncultured address of Gray rang sincere, his words were spoken with fervent passion. She could feel that every nerve in his body was vibrating as he spoke to her.

"I am very sorry," said she, "very, very sorry. But I could never love you, Mr. Gray; indeed, I never thought of such a thing."

"No, no; of course you couldn't think such a low, ignorant fellow as I could raise my eyes——"

"Stop! stop!" said Ann, putting her little trembling hand upon his arm. "I beg of you not to talk to me like that. I respect you, and I would always have you for my friend. But what you ask is impossible. I am engaged to be married to Mr. Hol."

Gray shuddered, and shook off hand.

"Ah, that's it, is it?" he sneered savagely. "Well, I'm not surprised. I saw you last night. So you are going to throw yourself away on that cur——"

"Stop! I will not hear you!"

"Oh, no, not a word against your saint. I know you could not bear it."

He broke into a wild fit of laughter.

"Mr. Gray, have I deserved this from you?" said Ann. "I do not believe you know what you are saying. I cannot. You have always been so different."

She stammered in her speech, her lips trembled, and she burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping.

Gray was melted in a moment. His brutality fled at the sight of her sorrow. He begged her to forgive him for his harsh words, promised he would never pester her with his addresses again, and finally left her with half-dried tears upon her cheeks, and a sad little smile of friendship on her lips.

He walked away, walked for miles and miles, unmindful of his destination, thinking only of Ann and of his love, so hopeless and so vain.

He felt he had a grievance against providence, providence that had dangled the jewel before his eyes only to snatch it from his grasp, providence that had shed an all-beautifying light of love upon his previously darkened soul, only to extinguish his heart's bright flame, and to abandon him to redoubled darkness and despair!

Solemnly and sincerely he cursed the fate that had brought him, ignorant buffoon that he was, within the radiance that emanated from Ann's bright being.

He saw her several times during the week, and attempted to engage her in conversations such as they formerly indulged in prior to his avowal of passion.

The experiment miserably failed. Ann's manner was constrained, and his also, their laughter did not ring truly, their commonplace courtesies seemed hollow affectation, and they realised that they could never again enjoy the innocent friendship that had existed before love awoke within the man and the woman knew of its awakening.

For the time, there can be no doubt that Gray attempted to strangle the passion within him, and to act towards Ann in a straightforward and reputable manner.

But the green-eyed monster was for ever dogging his footsteps, snarling in his ears, and poisoning his every thought with venom.

Peace and Gray became strangers, the unthinking tranquillity in which his soul had rested was gone beyond recall; nothing was now left to him but his unquenchable love, his unappeased desire, his galling jealousy.

The news was brought to him by one of his few acquaintances that Ann and Hol were going to be married in a few days. The announcement took everyone by storm, because so speedy a marriage had been unexpected. To Gray it was the crowning agony of his life. It was now that the green-eyed monster inflicted upon him the most exquisite tortures.

He was always thinking of the approaching marriage. In a few days it would take place. In a few days Ann would be irrevocably linked to John Hol. And then would follow the usual honeymoon, the first transports of love, a rhapsody of bliss and contentment.

Gray thought of all this, thought of it until he felt sick and faint, and his brain seemed nigh to bursting. He thought of Hol's happiness in his requited love. Ann would belong to him, be his property and part of him. He thought of Ann's happiness in her requited love, the delight of giving herself to Hol body and soul. He thought of the thousand little familiarities of marriage, the close and constant intercourse of wedded life.

Then he thought of himself.

Sleep was denied him and rest was denied him. All his days and nights were passed in continually picturing to his tortured fancy the happiness of Ann and Hol.

The day before the marriage dawned, and Gray could bear his suffering in silence no longer. He determined to see Ann, and tell her of the pain she was inflicting on him. A mad notion flitted through his distorted brain that he could somehow persuade her to abandon the match at the last minute.

When he called at the Mellorses', he was admitted into the parlour. Mrs. Mellors was upstairs, and Ann came in to see him alone.

She was horrified at the change she saw in the man.

His face was white and drawn, his eyes bloodshot, his fingers twitched nervously, and his whole appearance was that of a man distraught.

Ann approached him very kindly. This was the day before her marriage and she wished to be kind to everyone.

"Well, Mr. Gray, have you come to congratulate me?" she asked.

"I have not," said he, scarcely looking at her.

"What then?"

"I have come to ask you to give this marriage up."

He looked her squarely in the eyes now. He drew long, deep breaths.

"Are you mad, Mr. Gray?"

"Yes; I told you before I was mad for love of you."

"This is unkind. I asked you never to speak of it again. You have no right——"

"No right! I suppose not; but what right had you got to come to me as you did? You changed me, you altered me, you made me love you, and all to please your fancy."

"Don't say that! Don't make me unhappy!" pleaded Ann.

She went up to him and put her hands upon his shoulders. Gray trembled all over.

"Take care! take care!" he cried wildly.

"Let us say good-bye," said Ann, looking up into his face.

She had never been so close to him before; he could feel her breath upon his cheek.

"Good-bye! Must I say good-bye?" he pleaded in turn.

"I will kiss you good-bye," said Ann. She drew herself up to him, and kissed him on the lips.

The kiss stung his blood. He felt every nerve tingle within him. He became transformed from a passive brute into an active and savage animal.

"Damn you!" he cried; "you play with me!—you maddden me!—you torture me! I will not bear it—I cannot!"

He caught her in his arms and pressed her to him. She was now thoroughly afraid, and would have cried for help, but he stopped her words with kisses.

"Promise you will never marry him—promise me!" he whispered hoarsely.

She shook her head.

"Promise, or I will kill you!"

"I would rather die than promise."

He snarled like a wild beast in his access of passion. He caught her by the throat and stifled her screams, and with his right grasped a knife that lay on the table.

"Die!—you shall die!" he shouted, and slit her throat from ear to ear.

The blood ran out hot and warm all over his hands.

He kissed his hands.

The girl did not groan or move. He laid her lifeless form on the ground, opened the door, and called to her mother.

"I have murdered your daughter," he said; "come and help me to remove her from here."

With a shriek of terror, the woman came running down.

At sight of her murdered child, and Gray, with his victim's blood dripping from his hands, she fainted.

Gray procured water and revived her, took up the corpse of the slaughtered girl, and placed it on a bed upstairs.

By this time, the neighbours, attracted by the cries of Mrs. Mellors, came trooping to the front door.

Gray let them in. He told them the facts of the case clearly and concisely.

Wondering whether they had to deal with a murderer or a madman, the men seized him while the police were summoned. He made no resistance. The officers of the law arrived, and Gray was promptly marched to the police-station.

As he left the house of the Mellorses he burst into a fit of laughter.

"Fetch John Hol!" he cried; "tell him to put on his best things and prepare for the marriage!"

Little more remains to be told.

In due course Gray was tried and sentenced to death. After his arrest he had relapsed into that state of sullen and morose humour that had been his before Ann came and revolutionised his nature with her bright eyes and smiling face. The passion that she had aroused within him had spent itself in that last act of iniquity which we have chronicled, had gone out, and left him a sullen, unthinking, unemotional man.

He walked to the gallows, in August, 1877, steadily, and the execution took place without any event other than the ordinary occurring.

So the green-eyed monster glutted his maw with two lives and a soul!

## Criminal Problems

### DRINK AND THE CRIMINAL.

ASK any man who walks down the street with you what he believes to be the principal cause of criminality in England, and the chances are a hundred to one that he will tell you "Drink." Nor would he be wrong. It is not a year since a learned judge said that he felt sure that quite eighty per cent. of the lamentable cases which came before him in his official capacity were the direct outcome of the abuse of alcohol, while it was far from improbable that a fair number of the remaining twenty were caused by the indirect effect of the same baneful spirit. This is an alarming statement; but when we have it on the authority of judges, magistrates, prison chaplains, and governors of gaols, we are bound to recognise alcohol as an extensive factor in the criminal life of Great Britain, and one which has to be reckoned with and counteracted.

How far the new legislation with regard to the sale of spirits to habitual drunkards will ameliorate this state of affairs we cannot say, but it is to be hoped that it will have some effect. Still, we must not be too sanguine. The habitual criminal is seldom an habitual drunkard. His craving for crime seems to kill his craving for whisky, or whatever form of poison he prefers to take.

On the other hand, are we to regard drunkenness as a crime of itself—as is the tendency of the Legislature—or are we to consider it as a disease? If the former, the wealthy man who gets intoxicated in his own house should be as amenable to the law as the poor wanderer, whose mental balance is disturbed by a single glass of fiery rum, and should be punishable as such; if the latter, then it seems hard that the poor should be compelled to undergo compulsory treatment, because they cannot afford to keep cellars, while the aristocrat is permitted to kill himself by inches, if he so pleases, solely because his better means enable him to take his poison in secret.

From the criminologist's point of view, however, drink has to be regarded in a totally different light. It is, undoubtedly, a factor in the manufacture of criminals. The petty larcenies which are to be found on the daily charge-sheets of our police courts are almost all caused by a desire to drink, or by a neces-

sity arising from the money which should have been used to support the family, having been spent in the gin-shop. As such we have to regard it.

Drink costs the ratepayer many tens of thousands of pounds every year—it would not be exaggerating if we said hundreds of thousands of pounds each twelve months. Therefore, we have to cope with this factor to save our own pockets, even if our desire for the good of our fellow-man is not strong enough to force us to move in the matter.

Take the case of the petty thief, who has stolen from a shop, when desirous to quench the raving thirst which consumes him; or the mother who has pilfered to replace the money which she has spent in the palace of drink, and which should have fed her hungry babes. Does a month or six weeks' imprisonment do either party any good? Are they in the least better prepared to lead a respectable life when they quit the gaol than they were before, always remembering that they will have their fault cast up in their faces?

No! During their incarceration they have simply spent the time longing for the moment when they will be able to obtain a drink again, and cursing the bad luck which brought them within the prison portals. Even supposing that they do make up their minds that never again will they allow the demon of drink to lead them into disgrace, what chance have they—weak, foolish people!—to keep their resolution? The moment they are free from durance the first acquaintance will say, "Hullo, Jack, or Sal, come and have a drink!" And they will go, forgetful of the promises which they made to themselves and their chaplain, when undergoing punishment.

There was an outcry when the "Black List" was introduced, and folks prophesied that the public would resent it, and that it would do no good. What has been the result in the short time in which it had been in operation? The number of cases of drunkenness at the various police courts has diminished in an extraordinary degree, and where formerly a magistrate used to have a string of from twenty to fifty "drunk and disorderlies" every morning, he now looks black if he has from ten to fifteen. Moreover, the people have applauded the very measure which they ridiculed at first.

Now, inasmuch as it is far more important for us to preserve the property of the public and to suppress crime for the good of the nation at large, the only immediate measure which appears feasible, to reduce the numerous offences due to drink or the love of it, is to place everyone who is convicted of a crime, which can clearly be proved to be the result of a love for, or indulgence in, drink, on a period of Black List after the term in gaol is served. There is not a prison chaplain who cannot tell you of countless prisoners who have said to him, "What good is a month to me? I shall get the drink again as soon as I get out, and will be here again!"

If these poor souls had been forbidden to obtain alcoholic liquor for a fixed period after they had been discharged from prison, they might have got into respectable ways again, instead of continually drifting back into our gaols. While in prison they have got over the worst portion of the abstinence period, and, were they protected from their friends, they would be able to start to lead a sober, hard-working life. The harpies who ply them with drink on their discharge from prison would no longer be able to assist in the ruination of persons who are willing to reform, and the nation would benefit enormously.

For each succeeding lapse, the term of Black List could well be lengthened, and thus, eventually, our calendars would be reduced at the various assizes.

The measure seems a hard one at first sight, but it would be for the benefit of the individual and the State. It would protect the individual from himself and his friends, and would ensure a lower expenditure, both in stolen articles, damage, and costs, and in prison expenses for the ratepayer.

Until we can coax the entire population to be rationally sober, this seems to be the only solution of the serious question of Drunkenness and the Criminal.

## LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

RABELAIS said, "The attorneys are to the lawyers what the apothecaries are to the physicians, only they do not deal in scruples."

SERGEANT BLANK, who was lame in one leg, was one day pleading before a judge, who had little or no nose, was told by his lordship, "I am afraid you have but a lame cause of it." "Oh, my lord," replied the sergeant, "have but a little patience, and I will prove everything as plain as the nose on your lordship's face!"

MANY years ago, Sir Isaac Coffin made a visit to Dartmoor Prison for the purpose of releasing from captivity all the American prisoners who bore the name of Coffin, and might be supposed to be of his family. When a number had been liberated, a negro presented himself, and claimed his liberty on the same grounds. "What," said the admiral, "you a Coffin, too?" "Yes, massa." "How old are you?" "Me thirty, massa." "Well, then, you are not one of the Coffins, for they never turn black before they are forty."

### The Origin of Pickpockets.

IN the "good old days," people used to carry their purses in their hands or fastened by leathern thongs to their belts, and the light-fingered gentry obtained possession of the coveted booty by cutting the attachments. Hence they were called "cut purses." One of Shakespeare's rogues, Autolycus, says that "to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand is necessary for a cut purse." In later years, when pockets came into fashion, the thieves had to change their methods, and their names changed from cut purses to pick-pockets. Each advance in civilisation causes some modification in crimes.

### Buried Hearts.

DURING the rebuilding of part of Chatham parish church in 1788, there was discovered a curious leaden pot, with a strip of the same metal, pierced with holes, attached to it. This was found to contain the heart of a woman, whose name, according to the inscription, was Hester Harris. When Woodspring Priory was destroyed, at the time of the Reformation, the heart of Thomas à-Becket, which formed its principal treasure, was stolen, and it was not till the latter end of the seventies of last century that the vessel which had contained it was discovered in the wall of the parish church of Kewstoke, in Somersetshire. The heart is now in Taunton Museum.

### A Trading Sexton.

IN the early part of last century there was scarcely a better-known character in Kensington than "Old Friday," the sexton of St. Mary's Church. Grave suspicions were entertained that he was not averse to doing a little resurrecting on his own account, but he always managed to evade capture. When, full of years, he was laid to rest, in 1827, papers were found among his effects, which proved that for a long time he had been making a regular income by disinterring the corpses which he had just buried, and selling them to the medical schools. This led to an investigation of the churchyard, and it was found that scarcely a grave which he had been entrusted to fill in contained the remains of its occupant.

### A Newspaper for Beggars.

THE "Beggars' Journal," a weekly publication of Paris, is doubtless one of the most remarkable newspapers to be found on either side of the Atlantic. The Anarchists have long had their own organs, and it was not many months ago that we read the announcement of the first issue of the "Lunatic Herald," but this new Paris publication seems to cover a field hitherto unthought of. Its circulation is confined exclusively to "professional" mendicants, and is said to be large. According to the "Neue Freie Press" of Vienna, the "Beggars' Journal" is the tramp's best friend. Its columns are filled with advertisements calculated to attract the eye of its readers, and from these "ads." its proprietor reaps good returns. Here are samples of them, extracted from our Vienna contemporary: "Wanted—A blind man who can play a little on the flute." "Wanted—A cripple for a well-patronised seashore resort. One who has lost his right arm preferred. Must be able to give good references and small security." The "Beggars' Journal" also contains regular notices from mendicant agents and bureaus, of which there are many in Paris, which endeavour to procure for the various large institutions and health resorts of France beggars able to deal with all situations likely to arise in their business. Frequently one may find announcements of approaching weddings, baptisms, and funerals, and a list of the coming birthdays and parties of persons of wealth. All such advance information is made good use of by subscribers, most of whom regard the price of their journal (about 2d.) as extremely low, considering the benefit they derive from it.

## Answers to Correspondents

**The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.**

GEORGE.—Later on.
LYSTER.—Very good.
LOYAL.—Yes; in 1749.
C. R.—Certainly, if you like.
BOBBY.—A nark is a police spy.
DAD.—Thrash him if he does not reform.
FRED BEER.—No; the date is quite correct.
FIREBRAND.—The Great Plague was in 1664-5.
JOHNSON.—The trial you mention took place 1804.
CAUTIOUS.—We have thought the matter out and advise you not to.
LEX.—A convicted prisoner can only be produced on another trial by a writ of Habeas Corpus.

Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

*Sole Agents for the Colonies*—GORDON & GOTCH, London; Melbourne; Sydney; Brisbane; Perth, W.A.; Wellington, N.Z.; Christchurch, N.Z.; Cape Town & Durban, S.A.